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THE FLAG OF CUBA—INSURGENT CAVALRY DRAWN UP FOR A CHARGE.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN INSURGENT OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 220.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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REPUBLICAN PROSPECTS.

THERE are still some Republicans living who remember the great days of their party—the days when hosts of public-spirited and sincere men left the ranks of the Whigs and of the Democrats to found a new organization devoted to high moral and political aims, under the leadership of statesmen of eminent character, commanding ability, and the courage of sincere convictions. The contrast between the spirit and condition of the Republican party in those days and its present plight calls forth melancholy reflections. The time for its national convention is approaching. The original antislavery mission of the Republican party has long been fulfilled, and new problems of great importance are pressing for solution. The Republican party still pretends that it contains in its ranks the best of popular intelligence and virtue. It claims public confidence and support on the ground that by this superior intelligence and virtue it is best fitted to solve the great problems before us. What these problems are every candid observer knows. The business community of the country admits that the tariff is no longer one of them. While some selfish interests still clamor for higher protection, the business world at large is known to be on the whole satisfied, for the time being at least, with the tariff as it stands, and wishes it substantially to be let alone. This is so true that even many of the old protectionists hesitate to touch it. They are well aware that what prevents the revival of prosperity is not the low tariff, but the currency disorder. The questions really and urgently demanding the attention of the country are those of the currency, and of administrative reform by the abolition of the spoils system.

If the Republican party were still what it once was, its leading men would recognize it as their obvious duty to come forward and boldly to express their sincere convictions on these subjects. They would seek by every legitimate means to summon to action and to organize the supporters of these opinions within their party, to the end of securing from the national convention a clear and strong approval of them, and the nomination of candidates known to be in accord with them. The convention would thus become, as the early Republican conventions were, a truly representative body of honest citizens intent upon serving the public interest by making certain policies prevail through party effort. What do we behold? A large number of the leading men of the Republican party, among them some of the most powerful, are open advocates of the spoils system with all its demoralizing effects, and even of those who occasionally express their disapproval of it, and have a good word for reform, but few are courageous enough to advocate reform with aggressive emphasis. In fact, in most States the regular organization of the Republican party is resting upon the spoils principle and held together by spoils methods. And there is no prominent Republican leader, at least no prospective candidate for the Presidency, who openly demands that fidelity to civil service reform be made one of the cardinal tests of Republicanism. Almost all of them are willing to let the "boys" understand that if the Republicans win, the loaves and fishes of party spoil will go to them as much as possible in the old fashion.

As to the currency question, their attitude is no less discreditable. The tremulous agility with which the Republican candidates dodge around corners to avoid a clear expression of opinion on the most pressing need of the time would be amusing were it not so lamentable. Some of them, indeed, permit us to hope that if elected they would veto a free-coinage bill. But not one of them has courage enough to declare himself in favor of the withdrawal of the legal-tender notes—the only policy that will surely and finally deliver us of the periodically returning financial miseries, and restore that confidence which is indispensable to the revival of business prosperity. Almost all of the leading men are now engaged in an effort to crowd the real problem of the day into the background by advancing a fraudulent tariff issue to the front—fraudulent, we say, because they know that the country does not only not demand it but rather repels it, and that it is only to serve the purpose of deceiving the people as to what the issue of the contest really should be. It is a significant fact, which other candidates should not be slow to comprehend, that the advancing of this false issue necessarily tends to give the nomination to Mr. MCKINLEY—the man whose high-tariff record is the most prominent, while his record on the currency question is the most objectionable. Were the Presidential election to turn upon the true question of the day, Mr. MCKINLEY would hardly be thought of. His nomination would thus be the most striking illustration of Republican cowardice and betrayal of the public interest.

The preparatory movements preceding the national convention, as they are now developing, correspond in a large measure to the moral state of the party. It is already evident that in the South delegates to that convention have become the subject of very active trafficking in the political market, and that sales and re-sales are taking place at a lively rate. And as the men who want substantial favors from the government can afford to bid highest, the MCKINLEY interest is likely to receive the greatest benefit from the auction. At the same time we find in the great States of the East the Republican party in a condition equally distressing and repulsive. In New York Boss PLATT has complete control of the Republican organization. The recent attempt of the so-called "better element" to organize a revolt against the boss seems to have miserably miscarried, owing to the pusillanimity of the leaders of the movement, who recoil from anything that might disturb "party harmony." They either do not understand that a revolt which breaks down from irresolution will not only not weaken but will actually fortify the power of the boss, because it will strengthen his prestige of invincibility, or, if they do understand it, they are guilty of knowingly fastening his yoke upon the party. In Pennsylvania the Republican organization goes even so far as to put forward its boss, MAT QUAY, one of the most disreputable politicians in our history, as its candidate for the Presidency. In both cases the bosses play a transparent game. They will absolutely control the delegations from their States—the one apparently for Governor MORTON, the other apparently for himself, both with the expectation, and, we regret to say, in all probability with the power, of selling the votes of their retainers, perhaps sufficient in number to determine the nomination, to the highest bidder for their own advantage. Who the highest bidder will be nobody can foretell. But certain it is that the bargain, if consummated, will result in disgrace and ultimate disaster to the Republican party, and, in case that party wins the election, in disgrace and disaster to the country.

Never since the close of the civil war has the Republican party had a finer opportunity to render great service to the American people by taking in hand the problems of the day honestly and fearlessly. Never has it had a better chance to win the support of those citizens whose political action is determined rather by their sense of public duty than by party spirit. But never has it appeared in so repulsive a state of moral degradation and so unworthy of that support. Some time ago it seemed impossible that the Republican party should be defeated in the coming Presidential election. It seems impossible no longer.

THE PROBABLE OUTCOME OF THE VENEZUELAN QUESTION.

THE Venezuelan question is rapidly passing out of the category of war-breeding disputes, and there is hardly any one who now thinks that the two great English-speaking powers are to come to blows over the yet unknown line that is some time, by agreement, to be run through the forests of South America, marking the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela. Among men capable of taking a calm and dispassionate view of the subject, indeed, there was never much expectation of war. The recent history of international troubles and the problems that were fronting Great Britain when the President issued his proclamation taught observing minds to look for exactly the settlement that is probable. It was likely that sooner or later Great Britain would be obliged to arbitrate the question at issue between herself and the South American government. Her attitude towards that government had been neither dignified nor frank, and Lord SALISBURY'S response to this government, like the previous refusals of British Premiers to submit the dispute to arbitrators, was not friendly to the United States. Great Britain was in the wrong in this respect, whatever may be the result of the examination by our own commission, or whatever may be the findings of the anticipated board of arbitration on the merits of the controversy. Moreover, Great Britain was not in a position to go to war with this country, nor is there likely ever to come a time when it will be for her interest—for that material interest which is dearer to her than anything else—to break the peace between herself and the United States. The end that she ought to seek, the paramount value of which seems to be recognized by some of her foremost and clearest-sighted statesmen, is the establishment and maintenance of a friendly attitude towards this country on the part of her colonies on this side of the Atlantic. From the first, then, all considerations of sound policy pointed out to Great Britain that the United States should not be offended by a refusal to arbitrate the whole of the comparatively small quarrel in Venezuela.

We say this without in the least modifying the criticisms that the WEEKLY has uttered on the attitude of Mr. CLEVELAND. We are not now dealing with our own appearance in the quarrel. We are not defending the administration's participation in it. But the country is to be congratulated that some good may come out of the turmoil, and that there may be some compensation for the serious losses which followed the unexpected utterance of the President's note. In the first place, the country and the Jingoes—the Jingoes especially—have been taught that it is not so easy to make war as it sometimes seems to be, and that as soon as international quarrels begin to be debated there is most likely to be a peaceable solution of them. As a matter of fact, in this controversy there is only one real difficulty. It must be understood, of course, that no one has been authorized by the President to propose to the British government a joint commission. It is definitely understood, however, by all three powers concerned, that the United States government acts in its own interests as they are understood by the present administration, but that Venezuela is quite willing to accept any conclusion of the difficulty that is satisfactory to Mr. CLEVELAND. It may be, therefore, that the three powers will act jointly in reaching a conclusion, or that two of them will act. However the final settlement may be reached, that settlement will be accepted by all. The troublesome question confronting Great Britain arises from the grants of rights in the disputed territory that she has issued to her own citizens. If these grants were merely of proprietary interests, leasehold or freehold, they might be concluded by a payment of money; or, if the British citizens who hold the grants consented, the obligations of Great Britain might be assumed by Venezuela. But these British citizens have the right to the security and protection afforded by British law and the British system of administering laws, and when a solution of this problem is reached, and Lord SALISBURY discovers a method of dealing with such a situation, the end may be expected.

In view of Lord SALISBURY'S reply to Mr. OLNEY'S communication, this will be surrender on the part of Great Britain. If we could forget the manner in which this surrender had been compelled, and the cause which we had rushed in to champion, the chastening of England might not be regretted. Be that as it may, however, there is likely to ensue from the controversy a better state of feeling between this country and England; and already there are signs not only that the policy of the true MONROE doctrine has been strengthened, but that the effort to extend it will result in a more moderate conception of our duties on this hemisphere than that which has been diligently inculcated by our Jingoes, and which has finally found expression in the intemperate resolution introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. DAVIS.

Great Britain has once more agreed, not only through her Liberal press and her Liberal statesmen, but through her Conservative Premier, that this republic has the right to insist that all America shall be free from the complications of European politics, and that nowhere on the two continents, without the consent of American people,

shall there exist the points of contact, so full of promise of hostility and of actual war, as exist to-day, for example, in Africa. Better than that, the discussion of the subject has taught the people of this country the original meaning and intention of the doctrine, and also the consequences likely to follow such an outrageous extension of it as that advocated by men like Senator DAVIS. It is hardly to be supposed, whatever the Senate may do, that the House of Representatives will pass the DAVIS resolution, which practically declares a protectorate over South and Central American countries, making the United States responsible for all the acts of their governments, and at the same time depriving the latter of their independence, and especially of the right of determining their forms of government and of choosing their international friendships. After the talk and discussions are finished, we are quite likely to come out of our self-created trouble having impressed the rest of the world, and especially Great Britain, with that degree of respect which is sometimes paid to those who insist on their rights, reasonably or unreasonably, and with a clearer understanding than has heretofore prevailed of our duties towards Europe and the rest of America. And we fancy that it will be many a long year before any American President or citizen will again threaten war on account of a boundary dispute, or will feel called upon to bluster in order to compel a European power to arbitrate a quarrel with an American government. And all this will probably be obtained without the gratification of Jingo thirst for a sight of blood flowing from the wounds of other people, and with a general strengthening of the conviction that the United States can nearly always accomplish the objects that are essential to the welfare of the republic by peaceful methods.

THE CUBAN QUESTION.

WHATEVER Congress may eventually do as to Cuba, the facts of the situation cannot be changed. The hold of Spain on the island is perhaps precarious, and there is some reason to believe that unless Captain-General WEYLER succeed in suppressing the insurrection within the next three months, Spain will be conquered. It may be difficult to understand under such circumstances that this condition of things does not make the Cubans belligerents. But it does not, simply for the reason that the definition of belligerency is not satisfied by anything in the insurgent situation. The wandering bodies of troops under GOMEZ and MACEO do not represent a rebel government, nor a government of any kind. The insurgents have no capital, no legislative and administrative bodies, no port, and no abiding-place. Their capital is in the saddle.

It may be that the revolting Cubans are patriotic, self-sacrificing men who deserve the sympathy of the people of the great American republic. At any rate they actually have the sympathy of a considerable body of the citizens of the United States, and of that class of our citizens who make themselves heard. The fact, however, that a good many of our people think that Cuba ought to be free and self-governing does not change the international duty of this government. That duty is to abide by the rules of international law, and international law points out conditions that do not exist but that must exist before insurgents can be recognized as belligerents.

It is a different matter if this government wishes to participate in the contest, to abandon its friendly relations with Spain, and to take part in the conflict on the side of the insurgents. But few public men follow Senator CAMERON in his proposed recognition of independence. There can be no recognition of belligerency, however, because it is not a fact within the contemplation of international law. And if the question were more doubtful than it is, a due consideration of the interests of American citizens ought to deter the President from issuing such a proclamation as the Jingo Senators are trying to force from him by an intrusion into the Executive functions, a declaration of belligerency being wholly within the discretion of the President.

On the 12th of June last the President issued his proclamation of neutrality. In that proclamation he warned the citizens of this country that they should not aid the insurgents. For violations of the laws of nations catalogued in this proclamation Spain is even now preparing a claim for damages against the United States. Let any one who doubts this read a recent statement by the Spanish minister published in the New York *Herald*. The only advantage that could be gained by the United States government from recognition of belligerency would be by reason of its relief from the duty of preventing filibustering—a duty whose performance is rendered almost an impossibility by the refusal of juries to convict men even when caught with arms in their hands and carrying letters directed to insurgent leaders. On the other hand, the moment that belligerency is recognized, the Spanish government will be relieved of all responsibility for any damage that may be done by the insurgents to the property of citizens of the United States. This property is valued at many millions, and it is decidedly worth the while of those who own it that it shall be within the jurisdiction of some government that may be called upon for damages in the event of its injury or destruction. At present Spain is that government. If the United States were to declare belligerency, to what responsible power possessing a legislature and a treasury could the owners of the damaged property look? Further, if belligerency were declared, the Spanish war-ships and the insurgent privateers would have the right, under the laws governing neutrals, to search every American vessel navigating in their neighborhood. They could injure our trade with South and Central Americas and with the West Indies. The right of search is not limited to jurisdictional waters, but extends to the high seas, and when we consider the vast number of vessels plying between our ports and our southern neighbors', the cost to American citizens of such a recognition of belligerency may be imagined.

It would be honest, perhaps, if absurd, for this country to recognize Cuba's independence, but the recognition of belligerency would be based on a falsehood, and would be immensely expensive to American business interests.

NEW YORK SCHOOL REFORM.

THE progress of the movement for school reform in New York city is encouraging to the believer in democratic institutions. The questions involved have rapidly passed from academic discussion to earnest and practical consideration by the people. Two years ago the commission appointed by the Mayor conducted its investigation without attracting much attention or receiving much help, except from the teachers and officers of the public schools, and when their carefully drawn bill to revise the school law died peacefully in the legislative committees, its fate was hardly noticed by the public.

Last year the bill was introduced again, and, after a good deal of argument, passed the Assembly. While it was pending in the Senate a strong feeling against it was suddenly aroused among the teachers, mainly, it would seem, by misrepresentation of its provisions. They were told that their tenure of office was to be made uncertain and their reputations put at hazard.

In the outburst of feeling thus created the measure was rejected, Senator CANTOR, who had introduced it, joining in its defeat. There was no time given to show that the apprehensions of the teachers were groundless. This would have been easy. The object of the bill was to make the position of the teachers in many respects better, and in none worse. They had been fully consulted by the commission, and the supporters of the bill were at all times ready to make any reasonable change which the teachers asked. But the opponents of the measure were not defending the rights of teachers, but the patronage of trustees, and although the teachers' objections could have been shown by argument to be groundless, or else have been wholly removed by amendment, no time for argument or amendment was allowed.

This winter the partisans of the existing state of things were so emboldened that they framed a measure intended to make reform impossible for many years, and to establish by new legislation the abuses which now exist only by sufferance.

But the response to this proposal shows a surprising change in public opinion. Apathy and indifference have given place to interest. Almost all the city newspapers, whatever their politics, have given serious and intelligent attention to the matter, and have opposed the attempt at reaction with remarkable unanimity, and the points at issue seem to be understood in the Legislature and by the public. Much of this better information is owing to some of the officials, old and new. Commissioners like Mr. HUBBELL and Dr. PEASLEE; trustees like Mr. MERRILL, Mr. REYNOLDS, Mr. EUSTIS, and Mrs. RAINSFORD; inspectors like Mrs. VAN RENSSELAER—show us how cumbrous and ineffectual the machinery is even in the best hands, and leave us wondering what happens when it falls into bad ones. It begins to be seen that the faults in our schools, of which almost every one has some knowledge or information, are not due to individual teachers and officers, but to radical defects in the system, and that we can have better schools, as do other cities, if, like other cities, we will adopt rational methods of administering them.

Two measures have been introduced into the Legislature. The STRAUSS bill provides for school government by forty-five boards (instead of twenty-four as now), each consisting of five unpaid laymen. The PAVEY-AUSTIN bill does away with the present boards of trustees and confers their powers upon the Board of Education, which is to control the educational work through its corps of superintendents, and is to care for the buildings through its superintendent of buildings.

The one plan increases the present inefficiency and disorder. It offers, indeed, as an advantage, the equal division of power and patronage by districts instead of the unequal division by wards, but that is relatively unimportant. The essential vice of the trustee system is that power is divided among numerous bodies of laymen, and thereby unity and responsibility are destroyed and efficiency greatly lessened. The fact that one ward has now schools by the score and another ward has none at all is an amusing reminder that the world has been moving while our ancient school system has stood still, but the inequality is in itself an incidental and comparatively trifling defect. It would be far worse to divide authority equally among forty-five bodies than unequally, as now, among twenty-four. The plan of the other bill has the plain merit of concentration of authority, and thus the creation of responsibility.

There are provisions in the STRAUSS bill which now or hereafter should be enacted. For example, the Board of Education should be empowered to appoint more assistant superintendents, and for longer terms, and to establish high-schools. Nor would it be unreasonable to continue the existence of the trustees, if their duties were changed so that they should become in effect inspectors, and cease to govern the schools.

It would seem as if the committee of the Legislature, while insisting upon the fundamental provision of the PAVEY-AUSTIN bill that the schools shall not hereafter be governed by local boards of trustees, might nevertheless adopt several of the clauses of the other measure, and thereby give us an act satisfactory to all who are seeking school reform.

TROUBLE IN THE SALVATION ARMY.

THE recent outbreak of dissension among the leaders of the Salvation Army has excited general interest. The institution itself is one of the most remarkable social facts of this generation. Sympathy with its aims has been growing rapidly among intelligent people who have no sympathy with its methods, and curiosity concerning its works and ways is universal. Yet open and simple as the organization has always been, mistaken notions of its character prevail; and the present crisis in its American branch affords a proper opportunity for correcting such errors.

The Salvation Army is a personal following only in that its founder and head, General BOOTH, of London, devised it and has controlled it from the first. But his peculiar power has lain wholly in the principles to which he has appealed. These principles are the Christianity of Matthew, the shortest and simplest of creeds, summed up in the words "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," and the practical duty of holiness and of universal love. The war of doctrines, the theories of church government, are ignored. The army adopts, indeed, certain articles of faith, which are commonly regarded as peculiarly Wesleyan, and its preaching of universal redemption, of Divine pardon offered to all, and of entire sanctification by faith, echoes the voice of the early Methodism of the last century. But each of them is assumed as ground of a personal appeal for self-consecration, not held up as a theme for argument. The business of the Salvation soldier is to save men from sin and its consequences, not to convince minds. He seeks first those who most need to be saved.

On this principle, beginning in London, General BOOTH has organized an army of workers, with an official hierarchy, all pledged to implicit obedience within its lines. The results are known. A wave of religious feeling has flowed over a large part of the civilized world, penetrating the slums of great cities, the prison cells, the homes of poverty; and has brought cleanliness, honest labor, aspiration for a better life, where society at large had read only despair. The records of individual devotion and self-sacrifice which the movement already possesses are not surpassed in touching interest or in true heroism by those of the early saints and martyrs. In short, the sincerity of the leaders and the efficiency of the army in reaching for good the darkest corners of modern life have overcome the ridicule and opposition with which the movement was first met, and throughout England, and largely in other countries, have won for it the sympathy of statesmen, economists, and philanthropists.

Under the military form of organization adopted the command of the army in this country was intrusted to the General's son, Mr. BALLINGTON BOOTH, and his wife; whose devotion to the work, and success in it, are well known. But the Commander-in-Chief retains his supreme authority. Differences of opinion have arisen; the want of harmony has culminated in serious differences of feeling; the American commanders, beloved as apostles by their disciples, have left their standard; disruption and revolt have been threatened by intemperate followers; and while formal union and the appearance of discipline will probably be maintained, the moral force of the great revival suffers a serious check.

The situation suggests many anxious inquiries. Has the Salvation Army the elements of permanence? Many insist that Christianity is impossible as a great social power without a church and a creed. The apostolic ministry itself ended by crystallizing into a hierarchy. The Wesleyan revival resulted in adding new forms of ecclesiasticism to the divided Protestant world. Let the gospel of purity and industry reach the most needy, and its converts, when lifted to a higher moral and intellectual life, will surely demand new kinds of satisfaction for mind and heart. This would be true were every convert a saint. But religious excitement, like every other, is temporary. Humanity is complex, and human motives, that is, selfish or social needs, will assert themselves on the whole; and if they did not, if all mankind, or a very large proportion, should become devotees of the noblest faith, the world might perhaps lose more than it would gain. Certainly, it would no longer be the world of men. But while this world stands, prosperity will still bring ambition, luxury, dissension, and forgetfulness of the simple means by which it was attained. When the Salvation Army itself grows too powerful, too great, too rich in opportunities for fame, authority, or enjoyment of any kind, its usefulness will have culminated.

Hitherto the indications have been of vigorous strength, of increasing vitality. The minor extravagances and scandals which have blotted its career were local and insignificant compared with its grand service to humanity. All who are oppressed and perplexed by the ever-recurring problem, what shall be done for the outcasts of society, will join in the earnest hope that the crisis may pass without destroying the power of the Salvation Army for good, and that it may carry hope to the habitations of misery, until the need is superseded by the accomplishment of its Master's gospel of "peace on earth, good-will to men."

OUR CORRESPONDENT IN CUBA.

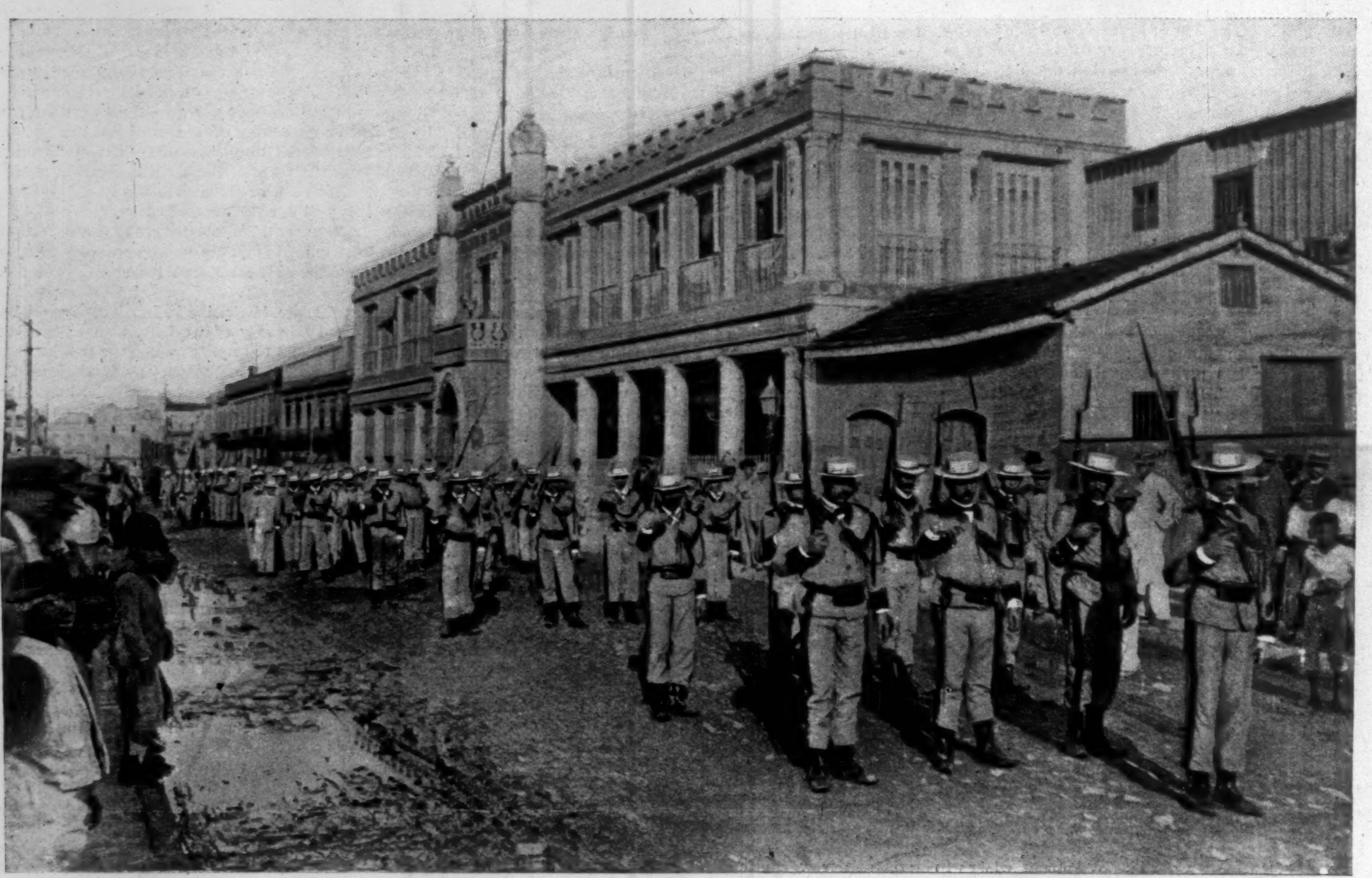
THROUGH a misty atmosphere the city gradually burst upon our view. The orange hue of its walls contrasted gayly with the murky fog hovering in the background, and many were the exclamations of surprise and wonder by the passengers who gathered upon the deck of the steamer as she ran directly for the narrow entrance to the bay, at the back of which "La Habana" rises in a disorderly pile of painted brick and stone. There had been so much talk about the dangers that awaited war-correspondents, their arrest, imprisonment, and ill treatment by Spanish officials, that now, as we were approaching the harbor, several sympathizing friends gathered about me, offering kind words of advice, while a number of my fellow-travellers assured me that I would very soon have an opportunity to inspect the inside of El Moro, and the wag of the party undertook to point out to me the little dark opening in the huge gray wall from which I might have the privilege of watching the passing steamers bound home.

We passed famous "El Moro," with "guns to the right of us and guns to the left of us," and looked upon a bit of landscape the coloring of which rivals anything I have ever witnessed. Pinkish walls crown the summit of the high ridge which extends along the bay opposite the city, while there is a mingling of color beneath which, under the rays of a descending sun, is superb. Passing the Spanish war-ship *Alfonso XII.*, we came to anchor, when we were promptly boarded by a number of officials. Every one was anxious to go ashore to see something of the city, but as nearly all of the passengers were booked for Mexican ports, positive orders were given that no one should go on shore except those who had taken passage for Havana. Three of us who had this privilege were required to surrender our passports, whereupon we were tumbled into a boat and taken shoreward, leaving a dozen or more of our companions of the last four days looking dejectedly over the sides of the vessel.

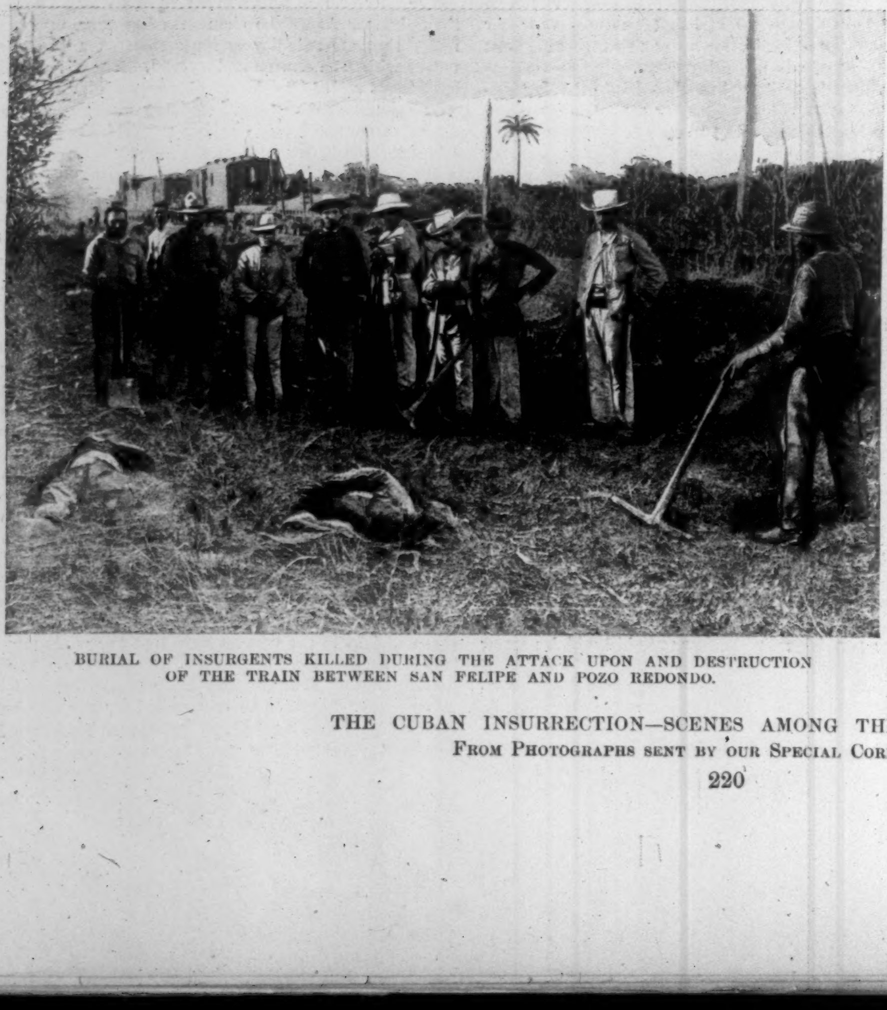
Our baggage having been examined in the custom-house, we rode through

Pedro Muñoz de Sepulveda, Civil Governor of Havana. General Weyler. Navarro Fernandez, Commander of the Navy, and his Adjutant. Señor Pintas, General Weyler's Secretary.

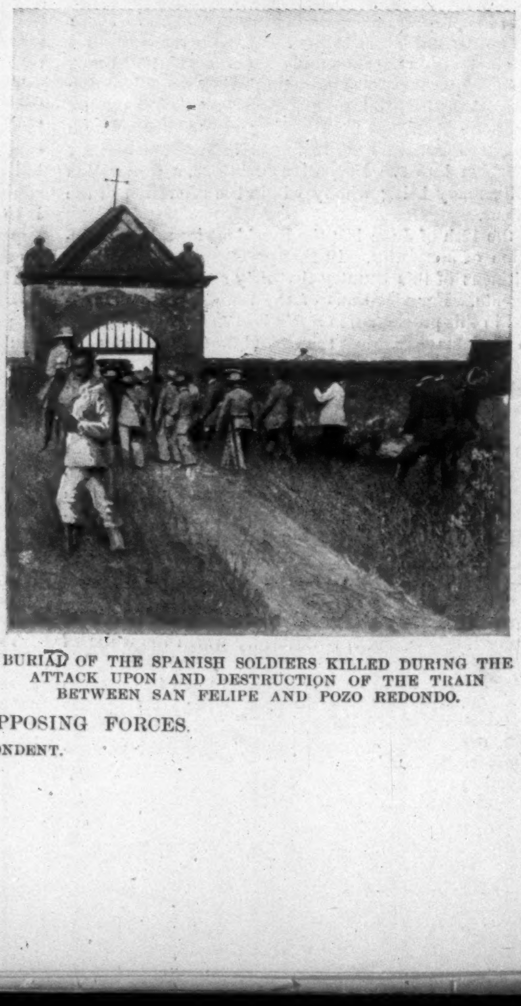
GENERAL WEYLER AS HE STEPPED ASHORE.



SPANISH VOLUNTEERS ON PARADE IN THE STREETS OF HAVANA.

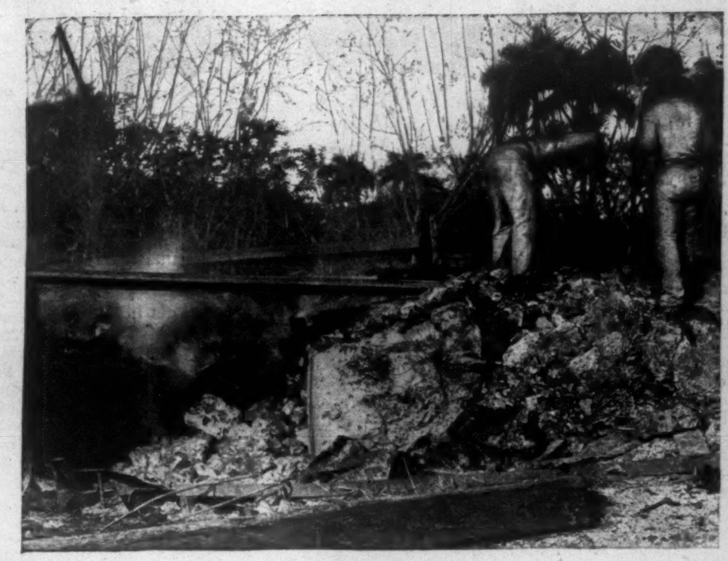


BURIAL OF INSURGENTS KILLED DURING THE ATTACK UPON AND DESTRUCTION OF THE TRAIN BETWEEN SAN FELIPE AND POZO REDONDO.

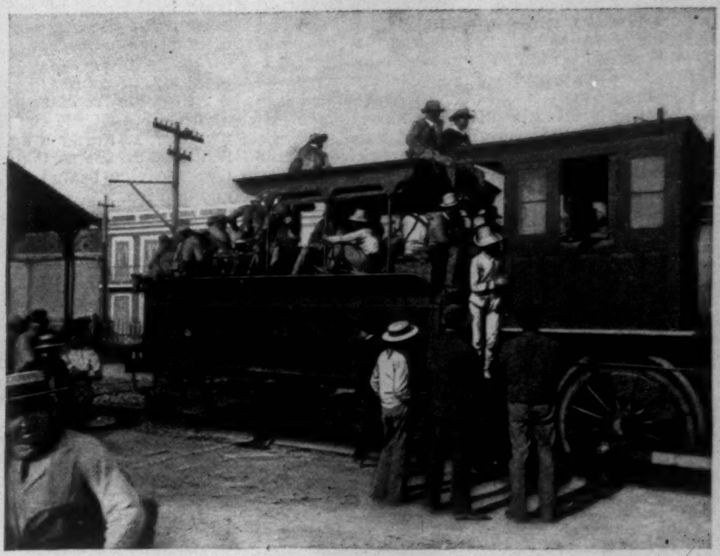


BURIAL OF THE SPANISH SOLDIERS KILLED DURING THE ATTACK UPON AND DESTRUCTION OF THE TRAIN BETWEEN SAN FELIPE AND POZO REDONDO.

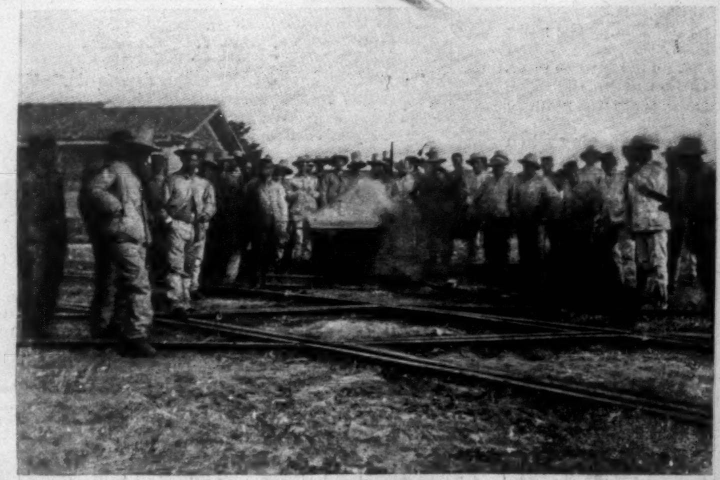
THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—SCENES AMONG THE OPPOSING FORCES.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SENT BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



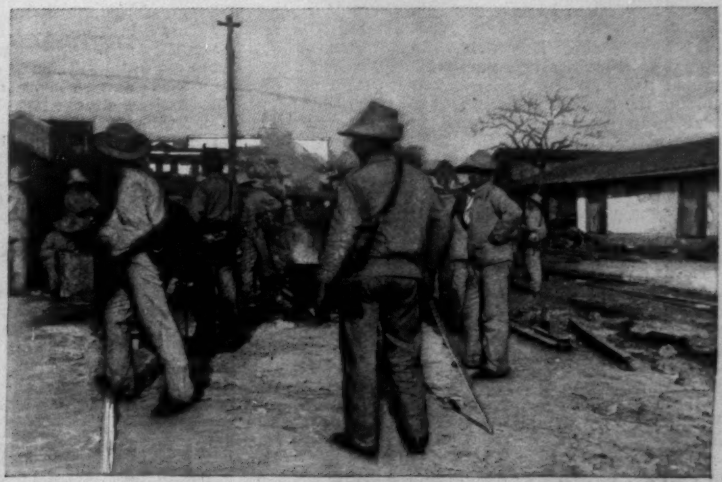
WHERE THE LOCOMOTIVE WAS UPSET BY THE REMOVAL OF A RAIL FROM THE TRACK.



A DETACHMENT OF SPANISH SOLDIERS SETTING OUT FOR THE BURNING TOWN OF JARUCO, ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM HAVANA.



SPANISH SOLDIERS GATHERED AROUND THE MESS-KETTLE.

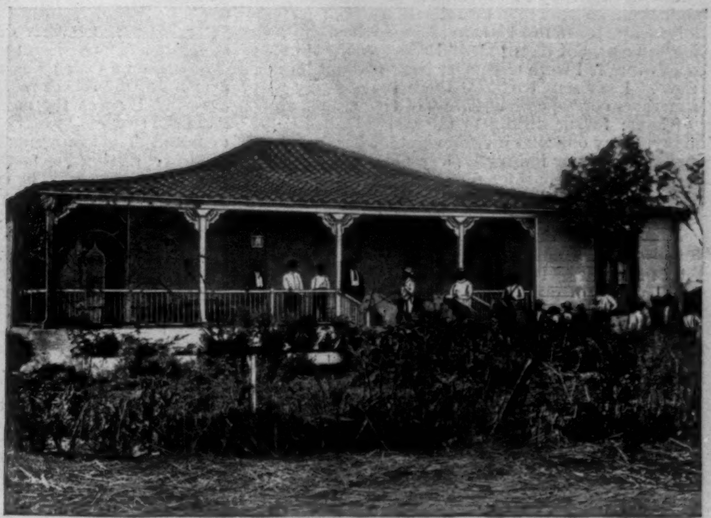


SPANISH CAMP AT REGLA—THE BUGLE CALL HAS JUST SOUNDED.

INSURGENT SCOUTS.

THE INSURGENT GENERAL GOMEZ AND HIS STAFF.

INSURGENT INFANTRY IN AMBUSH.
A passing Spanish Column was routed Five Minutes after this Photograph was taken.



INSURGENTS AT A HOUSE SIX LEAGUES FROM HAVANA.
Gomez has been known to remain here on several Occasions.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—SCENES AMONG THE OPPOSING FORCES.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AND AN INSURGENT OFFICER.

narrow streets in a carriage drawn by a little rawboned pony with a shuffling gait, and brought up at the Hotel Inglaterra, where it is claimed that most of the Cuban war news is fabricated. Within an hour after our arrival several carriages drove up, bringing the passengers whom we had left looking so dejectedly over the side of the ship because they had received positive orders not to land. Of course there were hearty greetings and hand-shakings, and we were anxious to know how the "positive orders" of the Spanish officials had been evaded, but no one seemed to be able to explain. They had simply come on shore to pass the night in Havana, and as for orders, they knew nothing about them.

The traveller visiting Havana can scarcely realize that the country is in a state of insurrection. So far I find the reports of the city being under martial law, places of amusement closed, and the people prohibited from walking the streets at night either entirely false or greatly exaggerated. Although the insurgents are operating within a very few miles of the city, the people have apparently recovered from the fright of a few weeks ago, and the Spanish sympathizers express their confidence in the new general by declaring that the disturbances will soon be ended. Yet no one denies the fact that Gomez is still circling about in the province of Havana, and one wonders what the Spanish troops are doing.

General Weyler arrived February 10th in the Spanish merchant ship *Alfonso XIII.*, which made her appearance early in the morning, decorated with flags from stem to stern. The first man to speak to the general as he stepped on shore was General Sabas Marin. The second man to address him was a Cuban photographer, who with undaunted courage attracted his attention by a few words of welcome, and then took a shot at him with the camera. The result was good, and I have been able to obtain a copy of the photograph (which has not yet been exhibited), and I forward it by this mail. Escorted by the civil authorities, the general marched through the Plaza de Armas to the government palace, where he has taken up the work of reorganizing the Spanish army in Cuba. One of his first acts has been to rescind all government passes permitting newspaper correspondents to join the Spanish column, which has been interpreted in various ways. The American consul tells me that we are not allowed to go outside the city, under penalty of being shot, while by others we are informed that we may travel through the country at our own risk, and that our only danger is from the numerous bands of robbers which have sprung into existence since the war commenced. These fellows, called *plateados*, are shot when caught by the Spanish, and hung up to trees when captured by the insurgents.

Nowhere else in either the West Indies or in the Spanish-American republics have I seen such haggard-looking people as I have noticed upon the streets since my arrival. Almost in vain have I looked for those creole beauties for which Latin America has long been famous. I will not say that they are not here, but as yet I have failed to see them.

One thing that surprises me is the really small percentage of negroes; for, after so much talk about the island's becoming a black republic in case the insurgents win, one expects to find a great preponderance of negroes. But not so. Our boatman is of Spanish blood, our coachman is a white man, and so are the servants in the hotel; only the bootblack, the first I chanced to meet, was a skinny negro boy, with every appearance of physical degeneracy. I have yet to see those shiny ebony faces, shining with fatness, laziness, and good health, so common in other West Indian ports where the prevailing population is negro.

The Spanish claim that most of the native population of Havana has embarked for the United States. The result of this war has recently been illustrated in a cartoon published in this city, which represents the insurgents fleeing before the strong arm of Spain, and their sympathizers crowding the decks of an American vessel, while those not able to find room on the ship are swimming away. It is with a secret satisfaction that many of the Spanish residents look upon this exodus of native Cubans, for what they leave behind must eventually come into their hands. But I wonder if these sympathizers with the mother-country realize that by their remaining in possession of the island their children perforce become Cubans, and in case the present insurrection is put down, in another generation these children will be as ready to rise in rebellion as the sons of Spain have been ready to do in every generation since Lopez first raised the flag for Cuban liberty nearly fifty years ago.

Although General Weyler has cancelled all passes issued to war correspondents, and refuses them the privilege of going out with the troops, I can find nothing prohibiting one from making an excursion into the country. Now that there is fighting all around Havana, there is a certain risk in leaving the city, but then I should consider my mission in Cuba a failure if I were to be sent back without having seen a fight. I say sent back, for there is no surety that every American correspondent here will not be sent away sooner or later; for, according to the general's decree of last Sunday, "any one who invents or publishes, by whatever means, directly or indirectly, any news favorable to the rebellion, shall be considered as an enemy to the country, and treated as such." According to this, I am told that we are not allowed to publish or even to tell of a defeat sustained by the soldiers of Spain, as it would be encouraging to Cuban rebels and their sympathizers. To enable us to get all the news without any risk to our lives, and to lessen the liability of our making any mistakes, the government has established a news bureau, where the insurgents are defeated in about the proportion of sixteen to one, so that war correspondents have only to go to the palace daily and listen to the reading of these official reports to learn just how fast the insurgents are being exterminated. Yesterday the notorious Maceo was killed, and this morning we were greeted with the news that his body was on the way to the city under an escort of forty men. Of course all patriotic Spaniards were glad that the famous bandit was no more, and we expected nothing less than to see the city decorated with flags and great public rejoicing; but then it was suddenly announced that it was only a rumor, and finally the government gave out that a countryman had seen an insurgent weeping by the road-side. The countryman had asked the insurgent why did he weep; the insurgent replied that he was mourning for his beloved Maceo, who had been mortally wounded. The countryman hastened to report the occurrence to the alcalde, and the alcalde reported it to the nearest commanding officer, who in turn reported it to the government.

Here is an example of how the rebels are defeated by the troops according to official reports:

"Yesterday morning, at 9 A.M., a detachment of 15 volunteers encountered 400 insurgents in the act of fording the river, and after a fight of thirty minutes the rebels fled in all directions, taking their dead and wounded with them, leaving behind 17 horses, many arms, and much ammunition."

Such news as this is indeed very discouraging to the Cuban cause, only it occurs with such frequency that Cuban sympathizers are wondering how it is that enough insurgents are left to destroy the towns within ten miles of Havana, which they have done within the past few days, in spite of the heroic defence of Spanish soldiers.

A great deal of unofficial news continually finds its way to the city, which is sometimes verified by other means than mere hearsay. For instance, I am able to show, by means of the camera, the result of an attack upon a railroad train but an hour and a half after its leaving Havana. Between San Felipe and Pozo Redondo a single rail had been removed from the track where it crossed a narrow gulley. As the train came to a standstill the insurgents called upon the convoy to surrender, and were answered by a volley from the Spanish soldiers. The result was a return fire, in which the commandant, one lieutenant, one sergeant, and three soldiers were killed on one side and two insurgents on the other. One soldier was wounded mortally, and died the following day, as also one other insurgent, who was found dying in the grass by the soldiers the day after the fight. The train was fired by the insurgents and totally destroyed, including a great amount of arms and ammunition.

Monday, February 17th, I received unofficially the news that a band of insurgents had burned Las Minas, a station about ten miles to the east of Havana. Tuesday the news came that Campo Florida, a town further along the same line, had been attacked and burned; still, there was nothing to be learned officially.

I had just finished my breakfast on Wednesday when one of my guides presented himself, and in excited whispers informed me that the insurgents were operating in a large town but a short distance from Havana, and that in all probability we could get there in time to make some interesting pictures. I needed no other inducement, and getting my camera, I started for the boat which plies between Havana and Regla. As I was on my way to the ferry a drunken soldier encountered a young man whom he declared to be an insurgent, and immediately proceeded to show how he did up the enemies of his country. He plunged his bayonet into the young man's breast, and then as he fell the soldier knelt on the pavement and literally hacked the lifeless form to pieces. He was finally arrested by two police, and it is thought that in all probability he will be shot.

From the Muelle de Luz we took the boat, and in the course of half an hour arrived at Regla, from whence we hoped to take the train to Jaruco, a town twenty miles up the road to Matanzas, which had been attacked that morning. I found the station full of ragged soldiers, who had the appearance of having seen some hard service. Here my guide was surrounded by some acquaintances from Campo Florida, which had been burned by the insurgents the day previous. Without hesitation or apparent fear of saying anything favorable to the rebel's cause, they immediately proceeded to give us a vivid description of the attack upon their homes. They seemed to take nothing seriously, and by their repeated bursts of laughter one would think that they were giving an account of a circus which had passed their way, instead of a warlike band of rebels.

"Oh, Chico, you should have seen them!" exclaimed one, with a laugh. "Ask Felipe to tell you." And the Felipe laughed as he said:

"Yes, it is all true. They came riding into the town and told us to remove all our furniture, as they were going to burn the houses—"

"Yes, Chico," interrupted the other; "I tried to get hold of a table that weighed at least fifty pounds, and one of them helped me get it on my back, and then spanked me with his machete because I did not move fast enough."

"And there was a woman among them."

"Oh yes, Chico! She was mounted astride a horse, and carried a carbine slung over her back, a revolver in her belt, and a machete in her hand. And, do you know," said he, letting his voice fall as he looked cautiously about, and then whispered, "many of our people went with them."

"Where were the soldiers all this time?" I ventured to ask.

"Soldiers? Oh, they defended the town after the insurgents had moved on to the next place," was the reply.

Seated on a bench was a little fat man giving a graphic account of the rebel's raid that morning upon the town of Jaruco. He was the engineer of the locomotive which had been sent out to carry the news, or to bring assistance, or both. The insurgents had had about their own way in the town, setting fire to the public buildings, and liberating the prisoners. The engineer concluded his narrative with a hearty laugh as he said, "For my part, I prefer to die the old-fashioned way, of hunger, than the new-fashioned way—of being blown up with dynamite."

After a while we were informed that there would be no train for Jaruco that afternoon, so I busied myself by going out on the track a short distance, where there was a locomotive being prepared to take a detachment of regulars to the scene of action. As the soldiers were crowding upon the tender I took a snap-shot at them, without attracting their attention. They were eating, laughing, singing, and smoking, as though they never expected to have to fight rebels and to run the risk of being killed. As I prepared to make another exposure, I attracted their attention, and some one passing the word that I was taking their photographs, they began to get out their guns and to pretend that they were going into action. As I pressed the button which made the exposure, I was saluted by the officer in command, who, removing a big cigar from his mouth, requested me to write down the name of his battalion and number of the company. I complied with his request, and supposing that he wanted a copy of the photograph, I told him where I was stopping, and that if he would hunt me up I would gladly give him one.

"Ah, señor," he replied, "to-morrow I may not be on this earth. I am but as a wisp of straw in a gale of wind, to-day here, to-morrow elsewhere, or perhaps nowhere. But preserve the glory of Company 15, of the battalion of Valladolid. Have you finished? Then we are off. Adios, señor!" And then he swung himself on the tender with his soldiers, the whistle blew, and the locomotive started on its way.

Near the station was an encampment of soldiers, who gathered around their soup-pot as soon as they discovered that I was photographing. They were willing to do almost anything for the sake of having their pictures taken, some drawing their sabres, and others showing how they made their soup. Then several came up with a negro, and requested me to photograph him. The negro, who was a sort of scout in the Spanish service, protested, on the plea that the insurgents would get his picture, recognize him, and then capture him and hang him to the first tree for a spy or traitor. But the soldiers only laughed at him; and as his hat fell off, they picked it up and put it on his head, and they stood him up against a locomotive, while I pressed the button. I found these soldiers all good-natured fellows, and when I returned to Havana I concluded that the only pass I needed was my camera.

The next day the official report of the raid on Jaruco was published. The town had been heroically defended by the volunteers, although it was admitted that the jail had been opened and the prisoners liberated. A Cuban, on reading this report with me, said: "Now how can that be? The jail is in the centre of the town. If the soldiers defended that town so successfully, how did the insurgents manage to get to that jail and liberate the prisoners?" As I had not been there, I could not answer him.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JUN.

STYLE.

"FINE feathers do not make fine birds."
But every harum-scarum
Is not a prince; so heed my words:
If you've fine feathers, wear 'em.

H. G. P.

ELEANORA DUSE.

WHEN one writes that Madame Duse's second visit to New York has given a new opportunity of studying a unique actress who is the most perfect artist of her sex now on the stage, a good deal is said. But it is truth to a widening public in New York. The audiences that Madame Duse meets here—let us say a good and true word for ourselves—are cosmopolitan. They are such in their intelligence. They are such in their estimates of how relatively individual, how relatively refined—how strong—in a word, how good is acting. In a liberal sense, New York is the most educated dramatic public extant. It incessantly wanders abroad, speaks foreign speech, understands it, and it knows the Comédie-Française, the Burgtheater, the Lyceum, and scores of other representative stages with discrimination. Therefore when a theatreful of our local connaisseurs, apt to be *blasé*, is as concentrated on an actress as it was two years ago and last week, night by night; and admits its subjection to Madame Duse by tears—and cheers; when it raises the curtain by the half-dozen times after each situation—much is involved besides temporary emotion.

One of the best known and frankest of foreign writers on the theatre told a story a while ago with Madame Duse as its heroine. It points out, in a single incident, the attitude of the theatrical world toward her, outside of Italy, until within two or three years. The story-teller is withal a critic who has a wide outlook over European dramatic arts, and a keen professional *flair*. He was in Vienna one night, within three dramatic seasons. Along with him was a friend, a critic equally well informed. They did not quite know how to pass the evening. They read that Coquelin was playing with a scratch company in a remote playhouse. Amused at the idea of coming from Paris to Vienna to hear Coquelin, they nevertheless set out for the Carltheater. Lo! Coquelin had gone away! The notice was a mistake. On the dingy bill-board was the placard that a certain Signora Duse would appear that evening in Dumas's *La Dame aux Camélias*. They had never heard of her. Disgusted at the substitution, but still lazily amused at their predicament, they decided to stay. It was Madame Duse's first night in Vienna. The Vienna press was as indifferent as the two strangers. It had no special interest in a "Signora Eleanora Duse." Next to nothing, in fact, was "known" of this Signora Eleanora Duse, in a capital closely in touch with Italian stage matters. The friends sat down to Dumas's threadbare piece in dull curiosity. From the moment that this new impersonator of Marguerite Gautier came in sight, in hearing, they were interested. Then they were moved, then spellbound. As the hackneyed situations succeeded, they and the Viennese critics realized that a revelation of art and of personality was before them. Here was the embodiment of a new—or a lost—theory of acting. Here was naturalism (in its true sense) *versus* "realism." The actress convinced, delighted, moved, subjugated them utterly, almost from the outset. The next morning Vienna was ringing with the praises of Madame Eleanora Duse. Vienna was conquered as other cities had been conquered. Our two Parisian critics could talk of little else. When the great Italian actress appears in their own city (she has yet to do so) she will be acclaimed as they acclaimed her and wrote of her—from Austria.

Indeed, Madame Duse's (or Madame Duse-Checchi's) professional story is brief. So is her repertory. She is not garrulous. Instead, she is the very abstract of reserve, personally. She has a just horror of reporters, keeps her affairs to herself; makes no capital of paragrapher's notes. She comes of good and highly theatrical stock, and is a Lombardian, unless the present writer errs—or of Piedmont; in any case a North Italian. She was extremely early at work. She had an inconspicuous and wearily toilsome period (like so many superior actresses) until she became notable at Florence as a leading lady. Then Italy began to talk about her. Curiosity and respect deepened. But (as if in commentary on the difference between a fine reputation and a universal reputation) she was not at all a cynosure for other than Italian theatre-goers until three or four seasons ago. Then came the second reward of genius. Then came the second

reward for doing well, if inconspicuously, everything that is given one to do in art. The first reward is the doing. To-day she is famous, she is rich. Only one good thing she lacks. Alas! that thing is health.

And what is Madame Duse physically? What is her natural capital for interesting an audience—on sight, shall we say? Her personality is full of paradoxes. She is not a beautiful woman, but she has a lovely face. She has no unusual presence, but her mere presence is captivating. She has not a remarkable voice for an Italian; her intonation and diction are by no means perfect. But her tones haunt. Her action, free from "stagy" by-plays, is as people act in life, and quintessently expressive. She is scarcely graceful in the "society" idea of grace as to many of her movements; but the eye follows her more deliberate motions with a constant sense of their charm. And these paradoxical elements are an expression of the artistic basis and aim of Madame Duse's acting; they hint at the difference from that of Madame Bernhardt, for instance, or even of the best emotional players of the Théâtre Français.

For the essence of much good acting, as we have it, after all, is exaggeration. Artistic exaggeration, that is to say, is a principle that has ruled and rules the stage. Only in the exaggeration of exaggeration does the rule offend. If a painful letter is to be written on the stage, write it with such emotional "business" as the audience understands, but which in real life no woman or man expresses. Madame Duse writes the letter as quietly, as abstractedly from all melodrama, as if she were thinking of every sentence. If a woman must lay a cruel stress on herself, must deceive some one whom she loves in an unselfish sacrifice, the stage sets her to doing it with side-looks, with gestures, with poses, with tones, that no man in real life would fail to see through, to hear through; to reject as feigned, in a moment. But Madame Duse shows us a breaking heart, a broken heart, as hearts break in the world daily; quietly, with self-control. The average superior actress gives us a scene of jealousy, anger, anxiety, and despair with a certain exaggeration—of a fine sort perhaps, but such as no woman of refinement and of due self-poise, or even rather lacking such traits, is apt to show.

Madame Duse's exaggeration is so little visible that it ceases to be such. She depicts human nature; not its accepted theatrical substitute. She avoids all "making-up" in the sense that the stage usually is thought to need. All emotion, as far as is allowed by expressing feeling at all, is kept subdued, sincere, simple, genuine. A little more obvious than in actuality? Yes—but so artistically calculated, art concealing art so consummately, temperament so discreetly utilized, that we leave the playhouse feeling that other good actresses are to her as fine chromos are to paintings. Of course her theory of dramatic art seems perilously near to the shoal waters of amateur acting. But in the case of the amateur it would be incompetence. With Madame Duse it is reserve, it is genius. And so have we seen the possibility of naturalism on the stage in that abused word's real meaning. We cannot tell where and how the simulation began, and real feeling and action on genuine impulse ended. We realize that here is the finer, the finest, art inside of art. We wonder that other actresses do not realize that this is what acting should be. We know of no American actress whose acting is after this pattern. We wonder that we do not realize oftener how unrealistic, how unnatural, is much that we applaud as the opposite. Mr. Jefferson is an American actor who solved much of the secret long ago. Mr. Swoboda, of the disbanded "Münchener" troupe, expressed it in like manner. Mr. Got and a few foreign male and female artists are in close touch with the same theory and practice. But in that theory and in that practice Madame Duse's art is to-day the most perfect and conspicuous object-lesson.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

LIFE AND LETTERS

AFTER all it seems to be a question of the dramatic and the undramatic, the objective and the subjective. Realism and romanticism are only names, at one time convenient and now no longer so, for these opposite principles which produce two different effects in literary art, perhaps in every art. In one kind the artist detaches, or seems to detach himself completely from his work, and to let it stand and go its way alone; in the other kind it remains part of him, his personal life pervades it; from his will and from his love it visibly exists, and has not that apparent self-being which is the perfect artistic illusion or the effect we call reality.

I.

Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By Hamlin Garland. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

I cherish with a grateful sense of the high pleasure they have given me Mr. Garland's splendid achievements in objective fiction. In that sort his stories, Main Travelled Roads, are monumental, but Rose of Dutcher's Coolly is not wholly in that sort. The scheme of it has apparently been so dear to the author, the lesson he wished to convey has seemed so important, that he has somewhat sacrificed the free movement of his characters to them; he has not wholly taken his hand from them; he has not let them go their own gait; they act from his hypnotic suggestion.

That is, at times. At other times they have their being free of him, or apparently free of him, for at best this freedom of one's creatures is an illusion which one must strive by all means to produce, but which is still only the finest illusion. There is a frankness in his portrayal of the rustic conditions which Rose springs from, very uncommon in our fiction, and there is an acknowledgment of facts and influences usually blinked. But along with this valuable truth there is a strain of sentimentality which discredits it; and the reader is left in an uncertainty as to the author's meaning in one essential which is at least discomfiting. If fiction is to deal with things hitherto not dealt with in the evolution of character, it must be explicit. From anything less we have the haunting sense of something unwholesome, which taints the whole after-life of the personage for the reader, and avails nothing for the author's real purpose. This purpose in the present case is to prove that a woman may live down her past as a man may. But I remain unconvinced that a woman can live down her past, for I do not believe that a man can live down his past. Our past becomes part of us, whether we are women or whether we are men; if there has been an error in it, we may disown it by owning it; if we do not, it remains a wound and a source of moral disease and death. This may be very hard, but it seems the intention of

"La somma Sapienza e il primo Amore,"

and we cannot help it. I do not find that Rose owned her whole past to the man who married her, and so I cannot quite accept her upon the author's terms.

There are beautiful passages in the book, and the life that it reports is almost as new to fiction as if it were new to fact. It is the country life of the great middle West, both in its rustic environment and in its self-translation to the city, which in this case is Chicago. I get a less vivid impression of the city people than of the country girl who has come to them: she is always, except upon the most intended side, strongly and attractively realized, but she is less interesting and charming to me in her Chicago phase than in her student avatar in Madison. That whole part of the book relating to the university, and to the young aspirations and ambitions which form its soul, with the light of actual and potential passion over all, is beautiful, and in despair of fresher terms I must call it a contribution to literature. That alone would justify the being of the book, though even that is troubled with the effect of some things the author wished to be rather than really were. A touch of the ideal can be felt in it by the nerves which no one more than Mr. Garland has striven to render sensitive to impressions of the real and the unreal.

II.

The Cup of Trembling. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

I do not prove my case so much as make my accusation, in this safe and comfortable place of mine; and I shall do no more than bring my indictment, in much the same sort, against Mrs. Foote's last clever book; I am not the State's Attorney; I am the Grand Jury, or perhaps only the Coroner's Jury, and my arbitrary findings may be merely Crowner's quest law. The facts of The Cup of Trembling and the other stories of the same volume are mainly left as they reported themselves in the author's consciousness. They are not sufficiently projected, either as to character or incident, to give the impression that they would have existed without her agency. But if you like the subjective, the undramatic, the romanticistic in realism's clothing, here it is in the best form you could have it. Here is the work of a fine and true artist, and the effects are skilfully studied. If you are not worried by a vagueness in the middle distances, and a want of luminosity in the backgrounds, here is little to offend, and very much to please. There is love of nature and of human nature here; but both are commended to us with a hand that cannot release them to us, and leave them to our perception and sympathy after making them evident. Some people like this; I think most people like it; and I can cordially praise the work as of the very best in its kind.

III.

An Accidental Romance and Other Stories. By W. S. Rossiter. The Republic Press.

I can say also that there is a great deal to amuse in a little group of sketches which I have found at once new and old-fashioned in their whimsicality. One of them at least, The Common-Sense Cupid, has not only charming but right thinking in it, of a very refreshing sort. It is so uncommon to have the reason applied to any love-affair that when it is done the effect is so agreeable that one wishes it could always be done. But perhaps then the effect would become stale, and we should want back the fashion of the imaginary witness being in the same craze with the lovers.

The story which gives its title to the book is a bit of work which is singularly illustrative of the power of circumstantiality to heighten the fantastic effect, without bringing the matter at all within the range of reality. The successive letters and telegrams concerning the lost umbrella, which is the hero of the tale, some in print, some in type-writing, and some in the chirography of their authors, are like carefully constructed mechanisms on the stage. They are suggestive of life, but they never for a moment impart the feeling of it. They serve Mr. Rossiter's purpose admirably in this instance, for they intensify the burlesque of his extravaganza, and I wish that his humorous use of them might serve as an object-lesson to all writers and readers who suppose that such properties can be seriously employed to give an effect of verity.

The Auction Bottle is a capital sketch, and in each of the stories there is an excellent feeling for character expressed in novel terms. Mr. Rossiter's humor is not so much like the humor of other people that I should be able to deny myself his "peculiar difference" if I had further opportunities of enjoying it.

IV.

The Golden Age. By Kenneth Grahame. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

There is a mighty pretty sympathy with the child world, or the small-boy world, in the brief essays of an English writer who comes to us by way of the Western lakes, as English commerce will probably do when they have the arrangements for it in the interoceanic metropolis. It is English small-boyhood which Mr. Grahame studies, but this is enough like well-conditioned American small-boyhood to be thoroughly conceivable. His three brothers and their much-put-upon little sister live in the English country somewhere, and their heads are full of the impossible romance that children are always trying to get into their lives. The book is not for children. They would not care for it; but it is delightful reading for any one who likes children and finds pleasure in the artless workings of their minds. It is generally so very good that I find it a great pity the author should permit himself now and then to overdo the matter, and to surcharge the facts. Sometimes I suspect him of making up about them, and I resent this the more because he mostly gives me the impression of an imaginative veracity. Good literature concerning children is not abundant, and it is always desirable. Since De Quincey's recollections of his own childhood, I cannot remember meeting with anything pleasanter and truer upon the whole than the very slight sketches that make up this little book.

V.

The Arabella and Araminta Stories. By Gertrude Smith. Boston: Copeland & Day.

It is not often that a department of this gravity concerns itself with infantile literature; but for once I do not see why it should not do so in the interest of a charming branch of psychology. At any rate it seems to me that some little stories I have lately been reading are scientifically constructed upon the knowledge of a principle in the infant mind, whose like one might very well be glad to discover in the grown-up mind, so that fiction could be as unerringly adapted to it. This principle in the infant mind is the love of exact and indefinite repetition. It was clear to Miss Gertrude Smith that all the contemporaries of Arabella and Araminta would wish to be sure when Arabella picked a poppy that Araminta picked a poppy too, till they had each picked a bunch of poppies, and then that all things should proceed equally between them: "Arabella got a glass and put her poppies in it, and Araminta got a glass and put her poppies in it. And Arabella clapped her hands and danced round the table; and Araminta clapped her hands and danced round the table. And Arabella said, 'Oh, I'd like a bunch of clovers, too'; and Araminta said, 'Oh, I'd like a bunch of clovers, too.'"

This is not only just as Arabella's and Araminta's contemporaries would wish it to be with them, but it would really be so with them. Each would like to do as nearly as possible what the other did, and each would like to say as nearly as possible what the other said. So they do and say throughout all the stories in the book, which I should think might be more surpassingly loved by the little ones than any book that was ever written for them.

I am not sure but a precise imitation of this method would be the most pleasing to the mass of novel-readers. A love-story might be told somewhat to the effect following: "A young man met a young girl at an afternoon tea. The young man's name was Francis and the young girl's name was Frances. Francis had dark eyes and a black mustache; Frances had blue eyes and golden hair. Francis loved Frances passionately at first sight, and Frances loved Francis passionately at first sight. The father of Francis was much opposed to their marriage, and the mother of Frances was much opposed to their marriage. Francis suffered terribly and vowed never to love any one else; and Frances suffered terribly and vowed never to love any one else. The mother of Frances was a widow, and the father of Francis was a widower. The mother of Frances and the father of Francis met, and found out that they had been betrothed in their youth; and the father of Francis had always loved the mother of Frances, and the mother of Frances had always loved the father of Francis. They withdrew their opposition, and Francis married Frances, and Frances married Francis; then the father of Francis married the mother of Frances, and the mother of Frances married the father of Francis."

This of course could be greatly expanded and suitably varied; but perhaps in some such system of repetition could be discovered the principle of a universally pleasing romance. I should like to see a novel attempted upon some such lines.

VI.

A House-Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: Harper & Bros.

I think Mr. John Kendrick Bangs could do it, for since his House-Boat on the Styx I begin to believe he can do anything, though his habit of not repeating himself might be in the way of a rigorous application of the Arabella and Araminta plan of fiction.

Events follow one another so rapidly, hurrying to get themselves in before the close of the century, that before we could hail Mr. Bangs as a new humorist he might very well be an old one. So I will merely hail him as the newest, and offer him my grateful homage for appearing at a time when the English, with a great deal of pains, have made the joke of discovering that there are no American humorists. He may feel a little lonely, but he has the field to himself, and cannot complain of rivalry. Even if there were other American humorists I doubt if many of them could invent a House-Boat on the Styx, though in our decayed ship-building interest I think it would be patriotic of them to try.

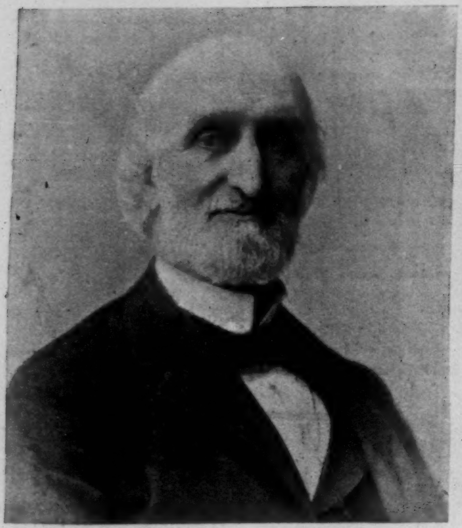
I am not sure that the English would find Mr. Bangs so droll as we do. A good deal of his humor is of the sly sort which occurs to one later, even if one is an American, and I could fancy an English critic coming to a full sense of it some time after he had persuaded his public and its American following that there could not be an American humorist. For us—some of us—it has the true American quality; it is imaginative, even more than fantastic; and it is dry, with that boomerang trick, which I have hinted at, of recurring in the mind.

VII.

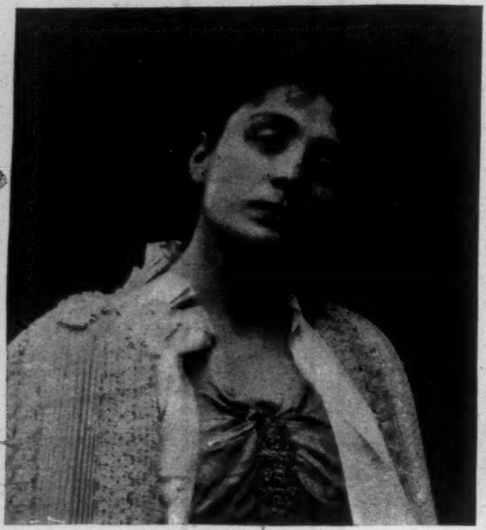
Little Idyls of the Big World. By W. D. McCracken. Boston: Jos. Knight Co.

I must not end these desultory praises without speaking of another book which I think has different qualities quite as distinctively American. I mean the group of brief, slight sketches of men and manners in Italy, France, Switzerland, Austria, the Levant, and the East, which their author calls Little Idyls of the Big World. These have in uncommon degree the fineness, delicacy, and accuracy which characterize the best American study of Europe, with an individuality of touch which almost nerves me to prophesy concerning Mr. W. D. McCracken. But he is better without it, and so is the reader, who may now come to his charming book without the feeling of resentment one has from having too great a burden of expectation. What I say is that this author has a good eye, and a hand both light and firm; and that he brings thought and feeling as well as knowledge to his work.

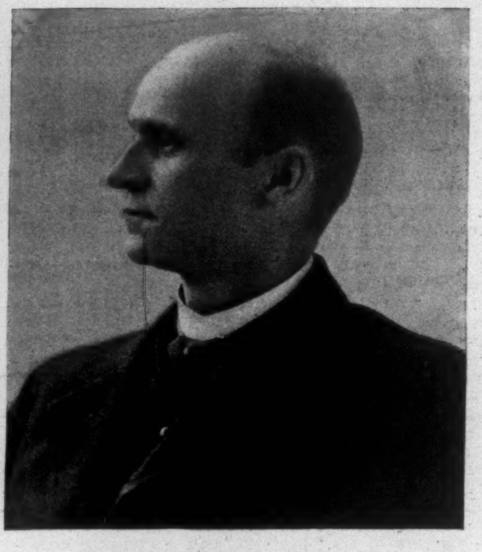
W. D. Howells.



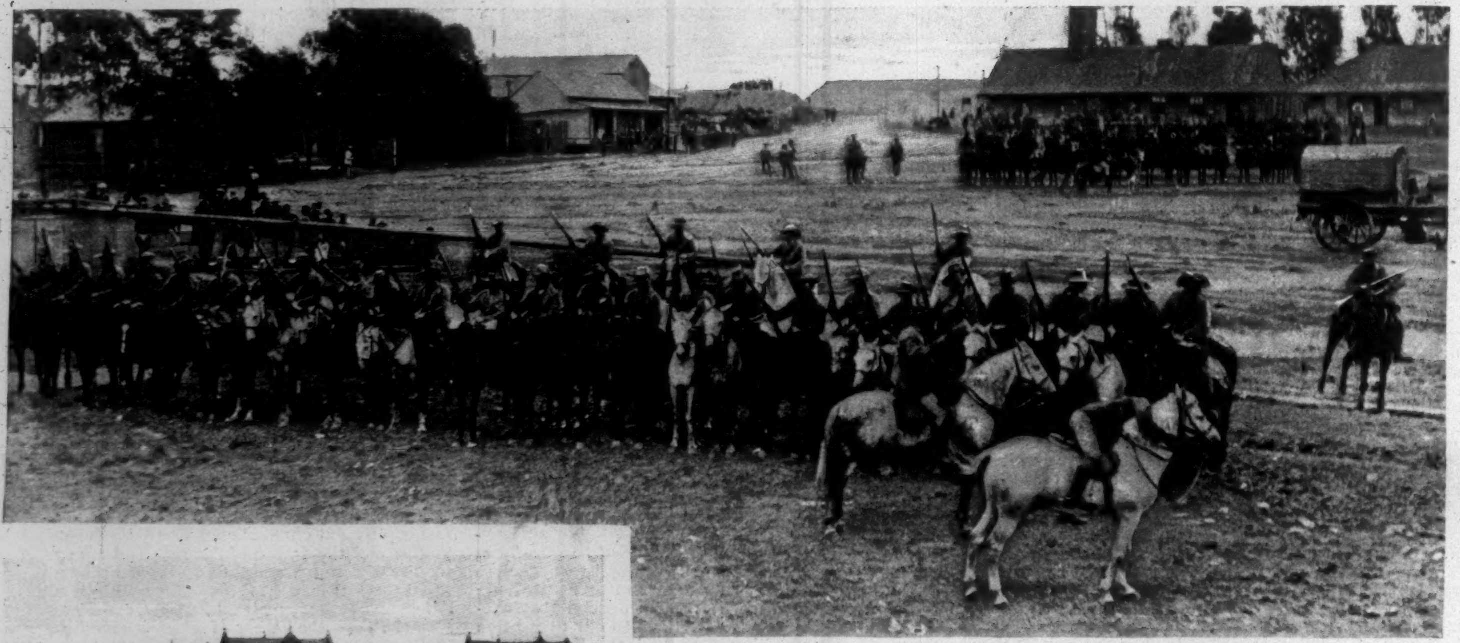
HENRY CHANDLER BOWEN.
Died February 24, 1896.—[See "This Busy World," Page 234.]



ELEANORA DUSE.
[See Page 222.]



EDGAR WILSON NYE ("BILL NYE").
Died February 22, 1896.—[See "This Busy World," Page 234.]
Photograph by John H. Ryder.



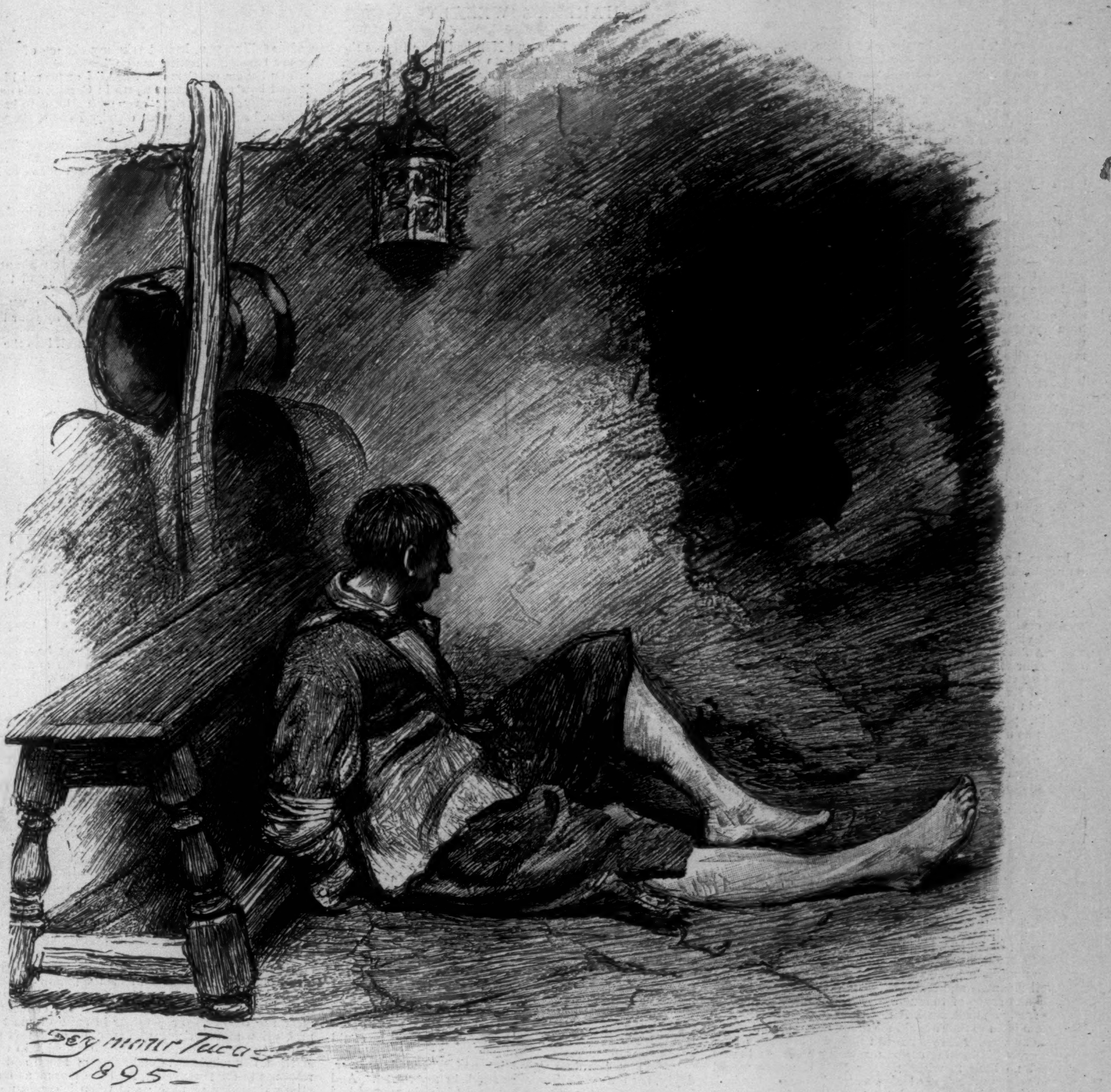
DRILLING VOLUNTEERS.

TROOPS MARCHING ACROSS MARKET SQUARE.

"BETTINGTON'S HORSE" LEAVING TO JOIN JAMESON.

MOUNTED VOLUNTEERS (UITLANDERS).

STREET SCENES IN JOHANNESBURG DURING THE INSURRECTION OF JANUARY, 1896.—[SEE PAGE 233.]



THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIGHTING THE BEASTS.

HAVING shut and locked the armory door behind me, I stood a great while very still on the steps in the black shadow, for nothing could I see, though I looked till my eyes ached. So I set out with my sword bare in my hand, and my left hand hafting an easily drawn dagger. I declare if I had only known for certain that the thing which troubled the house was naught but flesh and blood I had not cared the tickling of a Flemish poulet; for I was growing to rejoice in adventure, believing that my luck was to win through in safety, whatever might befall to others; for I never loved a leg-laggy grease-collecting life like a burgher or a cellarer. But rather to strep and lay on till the arm dirls with striking—that is, in a just cause, of course. Although sometimes, if your chief so command, without inquiring with too queasy a conscience as to some yea-forsoothing knave what may be the cause, maybe, for which we are set to drive the steel. For it is soldiery to strike first and inquire the cause after—that is, if the man live.

But I ride the wild mare whenever I lay the reins on the neck of my pen. And since I love to keep the pages even and the lines straight, anything that will serve to fill up the tale of my day's doing goes down. But pleasant writing maketh not always good or full-mattered reading.

I stood awhile outside the armory door, and saw only the snow, and the line of white roofs against a dark sky. So, having little hope of discovery by waiting till it came round like a dancer in a ring, I stepped lightly down, being in a soft double hosen, so that my feet made no noise on the frosty snow. About the house I stole, gliding from shelter to shelter, till I came to the edge of the cliff, where I could hear, but not see, the breaker waves crisping and sighing upon the shore. At such a time the sea is black. But so much blacker was the night, I saw it not.

Turning, I made the circuit of the castle, but still found nothing. Then I minded me that it was at the barn that Sandy had seen the vision that had affrighted him. So I set teeth and gripped blade tighter, and took my way to the barn door. It stood wide and vacant, gaping at me like an open sepulchre.

I will admit that it required all my courage boldly to go in, for it is hard to enter that which is the blackness of darkness to you, with the knowledge that all the while you stand the fairest of targets in the doorway. But because, as my father had told me, it is ever better to pursue than to flee, I stepped within, with elbow crooked for the thrust, and dagger-arm cleared of the cloak.

But it was as silent in the barn as elsewhere. I did not even hear the rats of which my little David had spoken. I began to think that I had been as needlessly and childlessly alarmed as he. Then all at once and quite clearly I heard voices speaking together at the outer corner of the barn.

So I went near to a convenient wicket, that I might listen, and my heart and life chilled and thickened, because that the voices were those of Marjorie Kennedy and some one who spoke low and sober—not quick and high like Gilbert Kennedy.

Then was my heart full of disgust that I should find her whom I had loved and worshipped engaging in another midnight tryst, and one that might be no better than a paltry intrigue.

So angered was I that I stole to the door, meaning to break out upon them in violent speech, caring little in mine anger what should happen. But as I came to the edge of the hard-beaten threshing-floor, Marjorie Kennedy came to the door swiftly. Turning in front of the barn, and standing with the shawl thrown back from her head, she spoke to the man she had left, whom as yet I saw not.

"Remember," she said, "I promise no more than the bare fact. I chose the grave before a bride-bed, the worm before a husband!"

But the man to whom she spoke uttered no word, though he had come nearer to where, in the dusk of the doorway, I stood with my sword in my hand. I could see him plainly now—all but his face; for the tide of darkness was on the ebb. He was the tall man whom we knew as the Gray Man.

Behind him, at the angle of the wall, crouched a black mass, which yet was human, because, even as I looked, it took something from under a coat and rose erect beside the Gray Man. The two figures moved toward my hiding-place in the barn. I had no time to do more than glide within, pull a sheaf or two from the mow, and thrust myself, like a sword into its sheath, within the hole I had made amid the piled grain.

Even as I looked, their dark figures filled up the square of grayness which the open barn door made against the snow. I saw them enter, feeling with their hands, as though to find something, yet not making any light to guide them in finding it.

Then indeed I was disquieted, and my bones became as water within me. For if there is anything trying to the flesh of mortal man it is to lie still and be groped for in the dark by unknown enemies. I had a nightmare sense of powerlessness to move, of impotence in the face of peril. I knew that when blind-groping horror took me by the throat I should not be able even to cry out. It was a dream of fever made real.

A moment after I heard a man's voice speak in a fierce whisper.

"Ah, here it is! Give me your hand, and put strength to it."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

In a moment, like the breaking of a dam, the fear went from me. They were but commonplace robbers, and I a craven and a coward to lie still while my master's goods were being stolen before my eyes.

I leaped out upon them without waiting to think, for I was not feared of a dozen such.

"Hold!" I cried. "Stand for your lives, gutter-thieves, or I will run you through!"

I stood with my sword and dagger in hand, and as soon as I felt one come against the point of my sword, I let him have it with all my might, for it was not a time for half measures. Then, though I heard the answering cry of wounding, there was no time for further action, for something came at me with a rush like a wild beast of the wood, and the snarl of the springing heather cat. Now there are many things that a lad of eighteen or nineteen may do—things of worth or daring—but he cannot stand against the weight of a strong and well-grown man when he leaps upon him. Therefore I cannot count it to my shame that now I was overcome and overborne. Once and again was I smitten, till I felt the blood, as it had been fire, strike me here and there. And though I felt no pain, there was something warm, which I divined to be my own blood, running down. Then I knew no more.

When I awoke I was in the Grieve's house, lying on a bed. Sir Thomas Kennedy, my master, and the Earl himself were bending over me. They had unclasped my hand, and now stood back in wonderment at what they found.

"It is the key of the treasure chest of Kellwood. Where could the lad have gotten it?"

Yet they had taken it out of my tightly clinched hand, which had been fixed upon something ever since they found me in the barn threshing-floor, where I lay in a pool of my own blood.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SECRET OF THE CAIRD.

It was, I can tell you, a strange experience for me to lie on my back in the Grieve's house through the long days of spring and summer. Kate Allison and her mother were tirelessly kind. The Grieve himself generally set his head past the door as he went and came from his meals, crying mayhap that "it was warm," or that it was "a wat yin," and thinking it the height of a jest to say to me, "An' what kind o' weather hae ye below the blankets?" For with kindly natured country folk a little jest goes a great way, and serveth as long without washing as a pair of English blankets.

Then in the forenoon from the castle Sir Thomas would come in, opening the baldan door and walking across the kitchen as unceremoniously as he would have done in his own house.

"My lad, they have made a hand of you, but we will douse them yet for that!" was one of his stated encouragements to me. "Let me see the clours—hoot, man, they will never mar you on your marriage day!"

And so, kindly and smiling, he would pass out again, walking with his hands behind his back as far as I could see him along the arches of the woodland.

Then Marjorie would come, and inquire for me of good Mistress Allison. But she never accepted of her hearty invite to remain, or at least to enter and see the invalid. Gently would she ask after my well-being, and, being assured of it, as gently would she go her way, her fair face looking so white and sorrowful the while that I was wae for her, and the unkenned secrets of her heart, into which God forbid that I should pry.

But that which cheered me most, I think, was the kindness and warm-heartedness showed me without stint both by Nell Kennedy and Kate Allison. They were no longer flighty and sharp of tongue in speaking to me, but rather spoke freely and sat much in the kitchen, with the door of my room open so that I could see them, napping and scarting at one another like kittens in their wantonness, which was a great kindness to me on my weary bed. And there we had no little merriment. For Nell Kennedy would be saucy and miscall my laziness and sloth, also my lack of appetite, which she called "dainty and dorty," meaning thereby that I wanted finer meats than they had to give me.

Also, though she was no [illegible] for gossip, she would bring me all the clash of the castle town and farm town, all the talk that was gone over in the mill, when the thirlage men waited for their grist. Where she got it all to tell me I cannot imagine, but it was like sweet wine to me, that could hear naught most of the day and night but the birds singing without and Mistress Allison clattering wooden platters within.

Also (and that was the kindliest thing she could have done, and touched my heart most of all), she brought to me all my war harness and accoutrements. My sword, which she had cleaned herself after the scuffle in the barn, the dagger I had dropped when I caught and clutched the key of the Kellwood treasure, wherever that had been gotten, the pistols, the fine new hackbut which had just come from the town of Ayr, and which Sir Thomas had given me for mine own as he would have given a child a toy.

"Give the bairn his plaiks then," said Nell, as she laid them on the bed. "Would it love to play with them? Then it shall."

She spoke in an enticing and babyish way that diverted me, and warmed me too, when I thought she had so much thought of me.

So I said, "It is so kind of you thus to divert me."

"Hoots," she said, "see what I have brought you."

And with that she took from her pocket all the apparatus of cleaning my pieces and sword, besides the links and buckles of Dom Nicholas's harness and equipment, the sight of which put me in a fever to see him. Never was anything kindlier done. Also she brought me from her father's scanty library such books as she thought I might care to read. Though, indeed, I read but little, never having been greatly given to leat, save, as it might be, books of songs, troll-catches, and such like.

But amongst others she brought me a French manual of fence, which gave me infinite pleasure. For with her help I could spell out the instructions and plates of positions I was fain to imitate with my two rapiers, till I had hacked and scarred all the four posts of the bed grievously. And Mistress Allison declared that it was not safe for any one to come within the outer door.

But one day my bedpost practice at arms stood mine hostess in good stead, for which she gave me full thankfulness. It chanced on a noontide of heat that all were at the hay field. Even Kate and Nell had gone to toss the hay, which is a pleasant thing to do in good company, but ill to think on as I lay tossing my weary body, and cursing the luck that tied me here in a dull room, vexed with heat, the weight of bedclothing, and the buzzing flies that lit on the corner of one's nose each time that sleep was on the verge of coming—flapping down with his black wings—to bring a welcome shortening of the weary hours. Mistress Allison stole about the kitchen on her bare broad feet, flapping and slapping the flags as she carried her cakes to the girdle-plate, swung from the cleek above the clear baking fire. She thought me asleep, for I had cleaned all my arms till I could see myself, sitting up in bed with my pale face and towsed hay-stack of a head, in every square inch of them.

Kate had brought me that day a book called *The Whole Duty of Pilgrims*, but finding it full of religious reflections and not tales of the Crusaders, as I had hoped, I laid it aside for the Sabbath-day, as being more reverent and fitting.

All at once the outer door was thrown back on its hinges, and a great sturdy caird entered, mayhap an Egyptian sorner, or bold robber, such as were vexing the realm at the time, or perhaps only a common muddy rascal of the road.

"Mistress, I bid you good-day," he said. "I am hungry and would have meat!"

Plain and quite short he said it, even as I have written it down.

"In this house of Culzean even gentry folk say 'An it please you,' and 'By your leave!'" replied, with some indignation, the mistress of the Grieve's house.

"But then I will e'en help myself, without please or leave either," cried the villain, and with that he opened a leathern wallet that he had slung over his shoulder and began to thrust therein not only the scones, but anything about the dresser and tables that his thievish fancy lit upon.

"Now, mistress," said he, "let me have any siller you have in the house, and a well-pleased kiss of your well-faured moo' therewith, or I must do my needs with you!"

And with that he opened a great knife, as though he would run at her. Mistress Allison cried out with a strange cry of fear. Just at this moment I pushed the bedroom door open with the point of my toe, and sat there looking at the man, with a pistol bended in each hand, and both of them trained point-blank on the rascal.

I make bold to say that in all this realm of Scotland there was not any man so exceedingly astonished as that particular sturdy thief at that moment.

"Drop the knife, sirrah!" I commanded as one that cries his orders in a battle.

And the knife rang obediently on the stone floor.

"Kick it into the corner with your foot— No, not with your hand."

And reluctantly he kicked the knife away from him.

"Now, my good man," said I, "sit you down and put your hands behind you. There, and thus be still where you are, quite in the middle of the floor."

So he sat down, and, keeping my pistols upon him, I bade Mistress Allison tie his hands firmly with cord and give him a settle to lean against. Thereafter I comforted him with stern philosophy.

I told him of his wandering and uncertain life. I showed him conclusively that went he ever in danger of the hangman's whip, and that at the end there could only be for him a shameful death. I told him how that our overlord had the power of pit and gallows, and that, on the return of the haymakers, he should be brought out, and in an hour there would be an end of all upon the dule-tree, or tree of execution, which stands by the great gate and bears meddlers at any season, but only for an hour at a time.

"'Tis the most cruel and unjust treatment!" said the man on the floor. They were the first words he had spoken since he threw down his knife. I wondered he could speak so well.

"We have heard no complaints so far," I made answer, dryly, for the man's insolence stuck in my throat. And in especial the thought of what might have happened had I not been there upon the bed with my weapons beside me. So I kept him in torment of mind for an hour.

At last, as the afternoon wore away and the hour of sundown and home-coming wore on, his anxiety waxed pitiful. He turned and twisted to free his hands, so that the only way I could quiet him was to lift a pistol and point it at him. But even that did not seem to soothe him for any length of time.

At last he raised his head.

"Master," said he, sullenly, but speaking not that ill, "ye have me, I grant, in the cleaving of a stick. Now I will tell you a thing you greatly desire to know. Will ye promise to let me go, and I will never meddle you more?"

"I do not mean that you should," said I. "Nevertheless, what is the thing that ye can tell me? And when I know, I shall judge on the honor of a gentleman."

"I can tell you," said he, "where you will find the treasure of Kellwood!"

"What bald-crowned blethers!" I said, scornfully. "Pray how am I to know that you speak the truth? Ye may tell me that it is with the gold cup, at the end of the rainbow!"

"It is true," said the man. "I might lie to you; but I will not, for I need my life. It is sweet to me as yours to you."

"How can such a life be sweet?" I asked, daffing with the man in my power, which was bad form, as John Muir himself sayeth.

"It is not a time to argue," said he, "but my life is as free as the trees that toss their branches, and the free life of the forest."

"Too free altogether," said I, "to come in and threaten the life and honor of a decent woman. We must have such freedom trussed and stretched on a tow rope."

"I did but fright her," said he.

"That is as may be," replied I, keeping my pistol trained for his eyehole, "and in any case it will be all the same in two hours."

"But," said he, "hear me concerning the treasure of Kellwood. Ye have conquest the key. I can tell you where the box is, for if I escape this time I go over seas from the vengeance of the Gray Man."

"But you may lie even as you have stolen, and I fear me murdered also, for by your talk you are one of a murderous set."

"On the lying you must e'en take your chance, even as, after telling you, I must take my chance of your cutting my bonds and letting me go."

"You have a gentleman's word," I answered him.

"And how much is that worth in Carrick this day," he said, harshly and bitterly, "even with a bond to back it?"

"Mine," said I, with what dignity I could muster, "is worth as much as truth."

"I believe it, and I will trust it," said he. "The treasure of Kellwood is in the cave of Sawny Bean, on the sea-shore of Bennanbrack, over against the hill of Benerard."

And not another word would he say.

So when Mistress Allison had locked herself in the milkhouse, and advised me that the haymakers were in sight, I caused my man to roll himself to the door of the bedroom. There with my sword I cut the bonds.

"Now," said I, "take the door sharply without going to the other side for your bundle or knife, and then the woods are open to you and the world wide."

"I thank you, master," he said, civilly. "When you go for the treasure do not call on Sandy by your leasome lane."

And with that caution he betook himself into the glades of the wood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUTH AND LIFE.

What would the world be if by chance
Youth held it futile to advance,
Futile to dream of loftier days
Than those it sees, of sweeter ways
Beyond its common paths, of flights
Beyond the measure of its nights?
Ah, then the heart of youth would beat
With little of its passionate heat,
And hope would move in weary wise,
With listless soul and unlit eyes.

But youth is mighty with desire,
Untiring in its faith and fire,
And enters where the seasoned mind
Falters and darkly looks behind;
Where tottering age bends low and weeps,
Finding no profit where it reaps.
If youth were not as youth must be—
Strong with the strength of earth and sea,
Strong with the glory of the stars,
Defiant of any will that bars
The long road winding to its goal—
Then life would be a cruel whole.

But look—there's promise in the bow
That arches with prismatic glow
The heaven of youth, that heaven which lies
Wide as the world-begetting skies.
There's promise in the spring-time flood
Of youth's tumultuous, thrilling blood;
And there is burning, brightening life
Amid the clashing steel of strife.

Ah, days of youth, they speed too fast—
But they are matchless while they last.

George Edgar Montgomery.

FIRE QUARTERS IN ACTION.

Fire!—a startling cry at all times, but one which at sea adds tenfold significance to the dread alarm, and brings terror to the heart of the bravest, and shakes the nerves of the strongest. Accustomed as is the man-o'-war's man to the frequently recurring call to fire quarters, thoroughly drilled as he is to fight the all-destroying element, and to meet the danger, ever possible in spite of most careful precaution and untiring vigilance, I doubt that the sudden fire-call ever sounds through crowded ship without a startled, if momentary, quickening of blood and brain in response to the summons. And the summons may come at any time, day or night; and when it comes no man of all the crew knows whether it be simply for exercise in the drill or for a real struggle for the safety of his floating home, aye, perhaps for his very life. When the crew of *Cincinnati*, not long ago, rushed to their stations when the fierce fire was eating into the very vitals of the ship, when the steel walls of the magazine—filled with explosives, the first touch of fire to which would rend asunder beam and bulkhead, and send ship and crew into the waiting arms of Davy Jones—glowed and bent with the heat, not a man wavered, none shrank from the ordeal, though the fight was long and the danger appalling. Pluck and courage, bred of discipline and training, told, and the good ship was saved.

The breaking out of fire on shipboard during an action has been a frequent episode of naval battles ever since ship met ship in deadly conflict. One would think that with the disappearance of the "wooden walls" from the seas, and the substitution in their place of the great steel ships of modern navies, the added danger of fire to the other horrors of battle would be greatly diminished. It may be that such will be the case; but in the recent war between China and Japan modern steel ships took fire and were destroyed—from some accounts under even more terrifying circumstances than in former days. That the Navy Department is alive to this condition of affairs is shown by its action in endeavoring to use as little inflammable material as possible in the construction and equipment of our newer vessels of war, and in taking steps, by experiments and investigation, towards the adoption of some absolutely non-inflammable substance where the use of iron and steel is impracticable. The frightful force of impact of a heavy modern projectile engenders such heat that contact of any substance not absolutely non-combustible with the object hit adds greatly to the danger of fire—a danger the sailor may have to contend with as well as with his country's enemies in the flesh.

"Fire quarters in action!" It is hard to realize the significance of the terse, official term; but it is part of the trade of the man-o'-war's man to learn to subdue a fire while continuing to "fight his guns"—with reduced crews, to be sure, and at a disadvantage, unless the enemy be in the same predicament. No one that knows him as I do will doubt for a moment that if the time comes he will meet fire or the enemy, or both together, with brave heart and cool head, and fight to the very bitter end.

Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.

THE GOVERNING CLASS IN TURKEY.

II.

THE corruption and misrule of the Turkish government can scarcely find a parallel in history, except it be among the later Romans and degenerate Byzantines. The whole official class has been well poisoned, and that, too, in the face of the fact that Turkey is a social democracy where caste and aristocracy of birth are unknown. Honesty is now practically never found in government circles. Its discovery always produces surprise, like the recent astonishment of a high Turkish official at the integrity of a friend. Speaking about it to a foreigner, he exclaimed, "Why, actually, I believe that there is a Turk who would not lie for money!" These seem to be harsh statements with which to open an article on the governing class, but if one hopes to be scientifically correct one must take as one's starting-point the fundamental truths of the subject treated. This is what I claim to be doing. Truth alone is what I have wished to find and what I wish to state.

This corruption and misgovernment are no secret vices; they may be observed in broad daylight any time in the year by a resident in the Ottoman Empire. A kadi or judge says frankly, openly, to a foreign official as he touches his fez lightly, "I paid this fez full of money for this position here at the capital of the vilayet, and I propose to get my fez twice full before I leave the office." Nobody feels ashamed of his dishonesty. Why should he? The consensus of opinion in Turkey at least, if not in New York, sanctions his acts.

There are many honest people among unofficial Turks, many highly honorable people, but no man among them can enter government employ and remain in this employ with any hope of advancement unless he does what other officials do, gives and takes bribes.

Then the foreign training given to many men destined for high office makes them at heart indifferent to any religion, and obliterates what conscientiousness the Mohammedan religion would naturally inculcate. They come back from Paris inwardly atheists or pantheists, without any logical philosophy, but outwardly they are often more attentive to mosque than before. These men are not bound to any line of conduct by ethics, morals, or religion, so that whatever tends to the aggrandizement of the official is done without scruple. These foreign-trained men are often frivolous and incapable of engaging in or leading any serious work, such as would be the promulgation of reforms or the organizing of revolutionary societies, although they profess profound disgust with the present government and all of its methods. One such fledgling, who was at one time manager of a model farm in a certain vilayet, could talk eloquently for hours on the abuses and needed reforms in Turkey, but would be sure to spend the greater part of the time hunting and going the country in disguises, dancing the Arab belly-dances better than the Arab professionals.

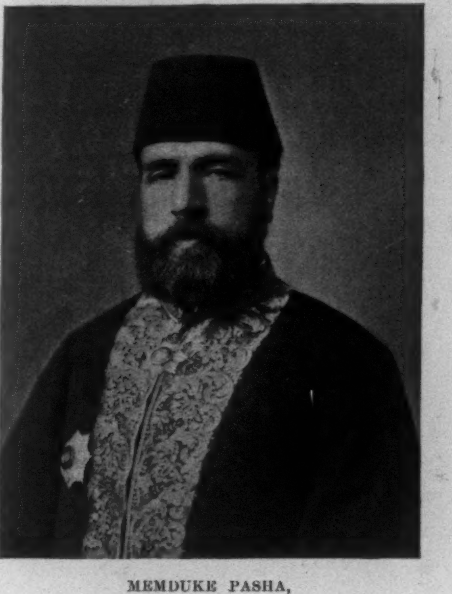
But before criticising officials and the present administrative system in detail, and picturing the present condi-

SAID PASHA,
Recent Grand Vizier, the Statesman of Turkey.

tion of Turkey, it may be well to review this system briefly. The large divisions of the empire are the vilayets, or provinces, whose chief executive officers are Valis, or governors-general, appointed by the Minister of the Interior or directly by the Sultan, and holding office during satisfactory behavior or at the pleasure of the Sultan. There are also the secretaries and treasurers of the vilayets, and the first and second engineers. The Vali is assisted by a council called the Medjilis Idari, which has as *ex-officio* members the Vali, who is president, the haikim, or president of the court of first instance, the treasurer and secretary of the vilayet, the Armenian and Greek bishops, and the Jewish rabbi. Four members are also elected, two of whom are Mohammedans and two Christians. This council is supposed to keep a close watch upon the actions of officials, to deliberate upon any matter brought before it by the Vali, and is transformed into a court for the trial of civil officers who have had trouble with the government.

The divisions of the vilayets are sanjaks or mutasarifliks, kazas or kaimakamliks, and the sub-districts ruled over by mudirs. The mutasarifs and kaimakams, or subgovernors, are also appointed from Constantinople. Each of these officials is assisted by a council like the one at the capital of the vilayet, and the same organization is found as in the larger division of the vilayet. In addition there are the police and military officers of the vilayet, and the judiciary also has its official list. But this feature should be clearly brought out, that nearly all officials are appointed directly from Constantinople, the presidents of courts and military commanders as well as the governors-general and local governors. We find a government as highly centralized as that of France before the Revolution.

But along with the fact that nearly all officials are appointed at the capital goes this fact that every official is nevertheless very dependent upon the one above him. The mudir looks to the kaimakam for recommendations that will secure him advancement by the Sublime Porte; the kaimakam knows that if he does not stand in with the mutasarif he will be reported most unfavorably to



MEMDUKE PASHA,
Minister of the Interior.

headquarters; while the mutasarif feels that he must have the force of strong Palace influence back of him if he is to brave unfriendly and unjust reports about himself on the part of the Vali.

So there is a fine field for the cultivation of bribery. Every official makes his present to the one above him; but where do the first presents come from? From the people, of course, bribes extorted by cunning or violence in the regular performance of government duties. It was a Turkish military officer who recently compared the government to a great chain, every link of which was bad; but every link of which was fastened to the one on either side of it. As the end of the chain was swayed, so vibrated the whole; as the Sultan acted, so the government moved. If the Sultan acted only basely, what was to be expected of the government?

Occasionally a young Turk like this military officer expresses himself freely to a foreigner. If he is a progressive man who has been educated abroad, or has held official positions, consular or ministerial, in foreign countries, he may have little hesitation. Then he cordially curses the home government, and is not bashful in saying that the Sultan as the head of the government is the fountain of all evil. At the same time he earnestly declares himself an ardent lover of his race, and longs for a change of rule that will give comfort to the people and prestige among the nations.

The government is, indeed, a running sore of corruption, but it is scarcely just to relegate all blame to one individual or set of individuals in governmental control. It is right to place most blame on the one bearing the greatest responsibility and exercising the greatest power. But a government never rises much higher than its source, the people, so that one is inclined to think that there is a screw loose somewhere in the social mechanism of the country as well as in the structure of the Sultan's brain. It must be an easy matter for the people to become corrupt, or such a huge evil as the present government would never have come into existence. Now that it does exist, Sultan and government act and react upon each other till the exaggeration of the evil becomes the theme of foreign powers.

It is true that there are no castes among the Turks in the Ottoman Empire, and Turkophiles point with great satisfaction to the democracy that allows any man of the people to become Vali and Grand Vizier. But if there are no castes, there are classes that no biscuit-cutter could gouge more sharply and clearly than governing and subject classes are at present defined. Before 1878 the official kicked both Moslem and poor Christian into prison with the contemptuous epithet of "swine!" In the opinion of the governing classes, subjects have no rights which the official is bound to respect—except the right of bribe-giving. Strange, do you think, that this should be the attitude of the government where there is no hereditary ruling class? No stranger than it was in the Roman Empire in the fifth century A.D., or when Heliogabalus and kindred spirits were on the throne.

However good a man may be originally, when he enters into government service he becomes transformed and conformed to the corruption in that service. Even Europeans must become dishonest to hold their positions, for a set of boodlers cannot afford to have their embezzlements made public, and if the new-comer does not get rid of his honesty, the boodlers soon find a way to get rid of him. Thirty years ago Van Lennep expressed his fears for the dismissal of a young European who had been sent by the government to look into the disappearance of funds in Tokat. He feared his dismissal because the young Frenchman appeared to be conscientious, and consequently a fit subject of intrigue on the part of the Turkish officials. So rare is honesty to-day among them that Halil Pasha, Vali of Sivas, who refuses to take bribes, is noted throughout the country for his comparative integrity.

Halil Pasha is offset, however, by another noted man, Memduke Pasha, formerly Governor of Angora, and now Minister of the Interior. This genius so far excels all other known Turks in bribe-taking that he has been dubbed the Prince of Bribe-takers. To be sure Bahri Pasha, formerly Vali of Van, and the official whose life was attempted in Trebizond before the massacre, was not left far behind in the race to stow money away in his pockets. But then he is so famous for other sins that his thieving talents are not worthy of comment.

The present Vali of Konieh makes no pretensions whatever to honesty, and frankly confessed to a foreigner that the Turkish people were good enough and easily led in the right road by their governors, because they had the spirit of obedience; but that the officials were hopelessly corrupt, and the only way to reform the administration was to cut off the heads of two-thirds of them, himself included.

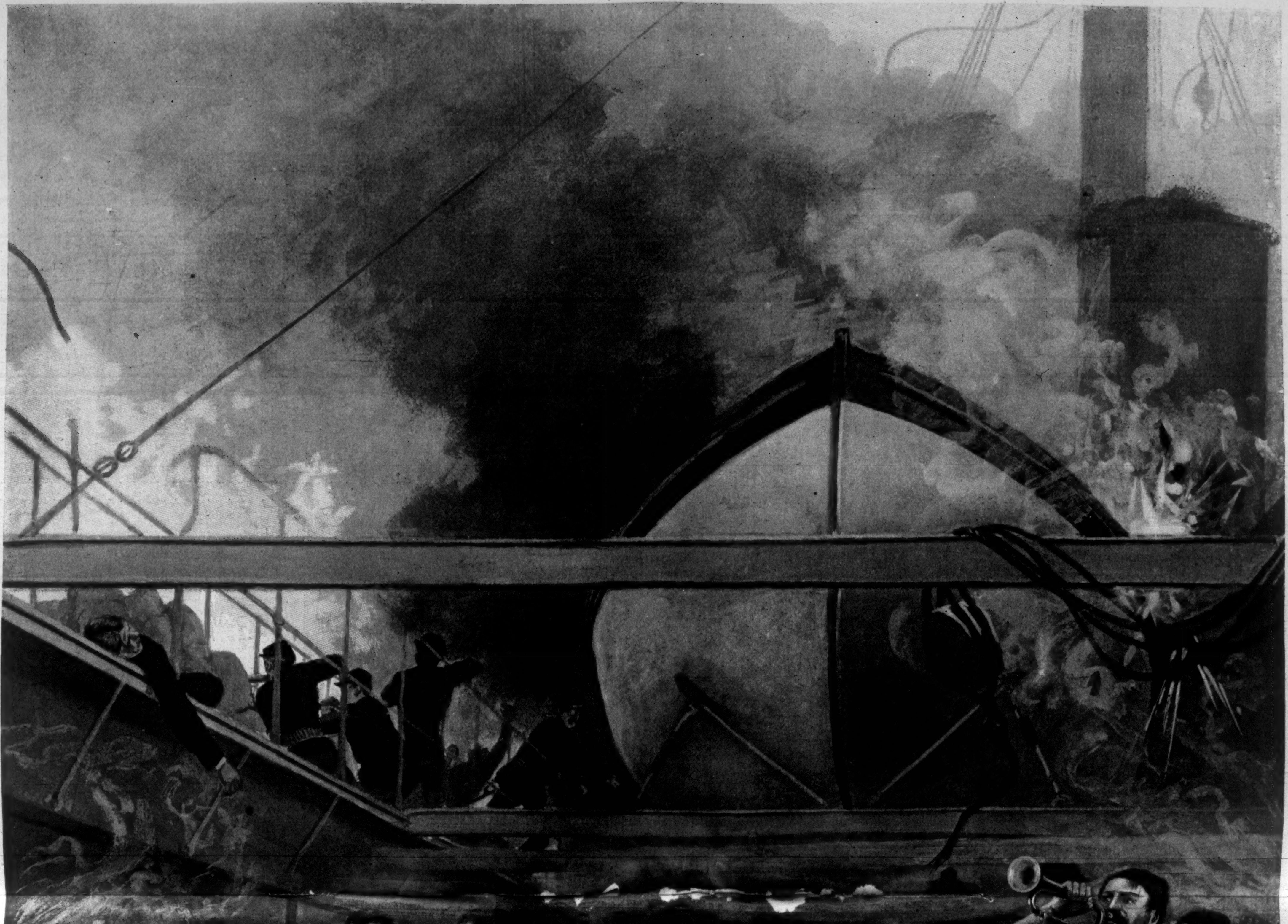
In many a vilayet it is no uncommon thing for the lower officials to go without pay, except such as they can get through the taking of bribes for pressing some man's interest or deciding favorably some man's lawsuit. The Vali alone, or the Vali together with the treasurer and one or two others, pockets the revenue. But it is the exception when a poor unpaid official takes suicide to be the only loophole of escape out of misery, as did an army doctor in Van. Not only did this Roman Turk shoot himself dead, but he left a document in which he laid his death at the door of the government, and called down curses on such an administration. However, one would expect the impossible, *i.e.*, the destruction of the present government, if both Turks and Christians did not curse the government, do nothing, and go on, curse the government, do nothing, and go on.

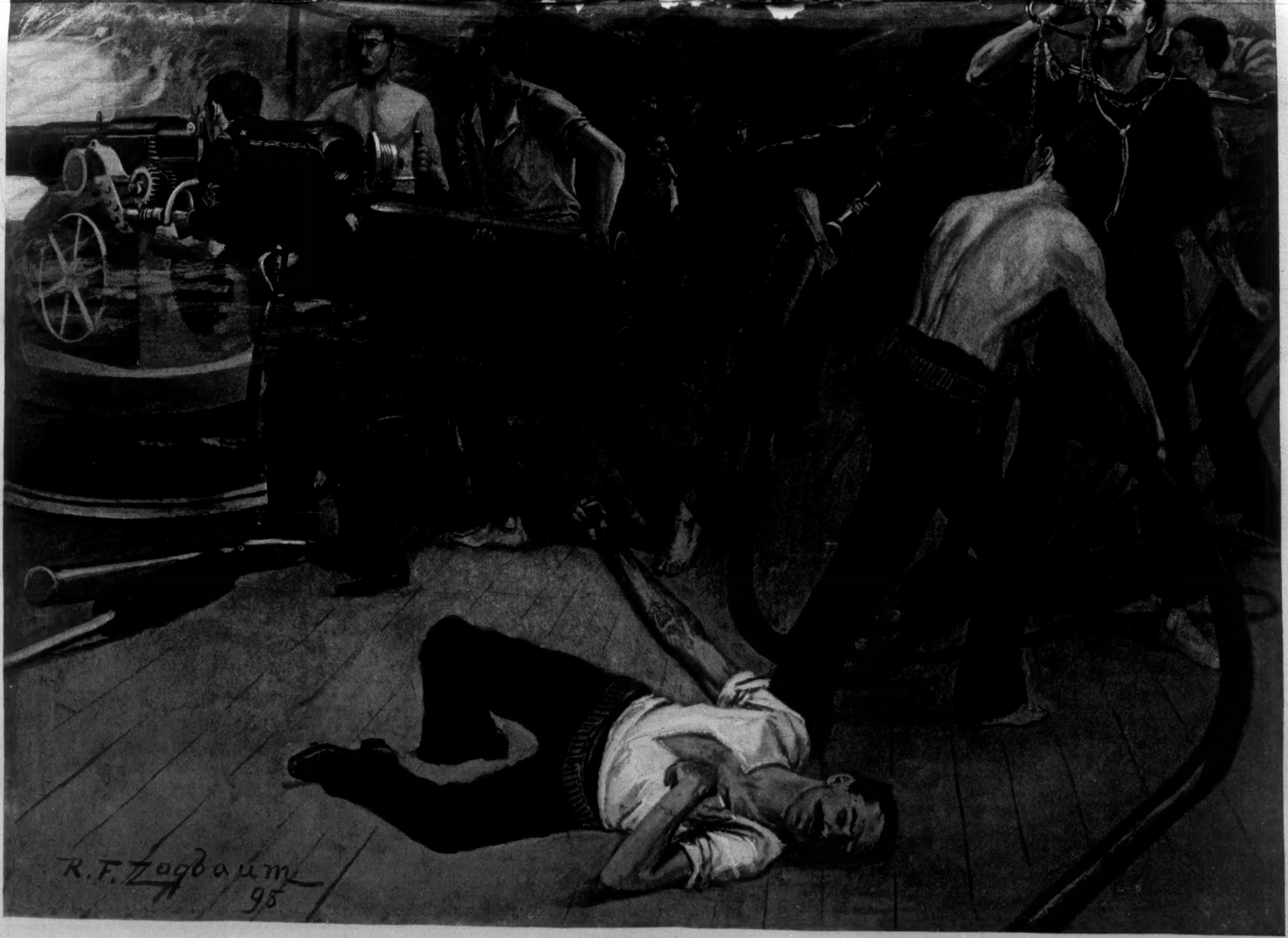
If Valis never feasted before on ill-gotten gains, they have lived on the fatted calf since the beginning of the revolutionary movement. It was to their interests to encourage the rebels, to protect the infant industry of manufacturing Armenian patriots, and to placard disturbances. They received a large bonus from the Armenians for non-interference, and could soon retire from the arduous duties of making macadamized roads and of building bridges, or else could bribe their advancement to a ministerial position at the Porte.

When Memduke Pasha, Prince of Money-eaters, was recalled from the vilayet of Sivas, the revolutionists sighed with relief, and even rejoiced temperately over the advent of Halil Pasha, the honest man, although they knew about his persecution of their confederates in Van just previous to his appointment at Sivas. Memduke had an interesting way of asking this or that secret leader of the patriotic movement to give him a call, and then he would suggest, over a cup of coffee, that if the leader did not want to be punished for his many disloyal words and deeds, which he, Memduke, could relate in full, said leader might find it to his advantage to hand over a few hundred pounds. Said leader always found it to his advantage to do so.

That Memduke had a real genius for his bribe-taking vocation cannot be gainsaid, for he always knew just how much a man could pay for getting out of a scrape and yet remain strong enough and courageous enough to go straight forward in his patriotic endeavors, and furnish a future opportunity for the government to get a second bribe. This money-eating prince understood that a well-yeasted potato ball must be left in the larder each baking-day if a new batch of bread were to be forth-coming. So he took the bribes, allowed the good work to go on, and simultaneously assured the Palace that he was the only man who knew how to keep ambitious Armenians where they belonged; assured the Palace so emphatically, in fact,

OSMAN PASHA,
Famous General and Defender of Plevna.





FIRE QUARTERS IN ACTION.—Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.—[See Page 226.]

that when he was removed five times by the Porte he was five times reinstated by direct order of the Sultan; and it took the sixth *billet-doux* from the Porte to bring his Excellency to Constantinople.

The particular form which the general kleptomaniac disease assumed in Bahri Pasha's case was the levying of blood-money and exorbitant taxes till both Turks and Christians united in petitions against him, and cursed him roundly for being the worst spirit among the genii or representatives of the devil that ever Turkey had seen. If Kurds chose to kill each other near Christian villages, the Christians were accused and blood-money was levied; if a man unfortunately shot himself, the Christians were accused and blood-money demanded. In the districts of Shadagh and Nordúz, in the province of Van, there are fifty-one Christian and one hundred Kurdish villages; but while his Excellency received scarcely $125 in annual taxes from the Kurds, the Christians had to empty their pockets of $35,500. All of this money was not merely for the benefit of Bahri, for Kurdish aghas and brigands came in for their share. But they emptied their pockets of this amount, nevertheless, because the government either made demands or winked at the demands of others.

Now and then an under-official has convictions, and has the courage of them too, so that he expresses his opinion of government processes, as did the treasurer of the vilayet of Van. But he always pays for it, if he does not regret it, as did this same unlucky treasurer when he was suddenly recalled to Constantinople on the charge of grappling the Vali by the throat in a cabinet meeting and attempting to strangle him. All of the members of the council signed the charge, but it was a lie. Indeed, it is impossible to study carefully and to come to accurate conclusions about conditions in Turkey until the would-be scholar understands that all government statements are to be considered lies until they have been proved to be true. I know that such an attitude is opposite to the one taken by a former American minister. But after examining his record in the matter of protection of American citizens, and after recalling to mind the fact that he is a theoretical student and romanticist of the past, and is not, nor has been, a practical investigator of the present, one is not surprised at his loving friendliness for the Sultan.

The embezzling of taxes and blood-money and the bleeding of revolutionists are only two methods out of many for winning the prize in the grab-game that Turkish officials have been playing for years. It is a grab-game, and they themselves do not hesitate to call it a grab-game, for they believe the rule of the Turks is nearly at an end, and they say frankly that they propose to line their own nests well while they can get the material.

Not even the contract for a macadamized road is supposed to be given out to a company of men until the men have paid liberally for the privilege of receiving the contract. Memduke let such a contract in the vilayet of Sivas; cost of construction was to be £1500, and the company paid him £350 for the privilege of undertaking the work. This method is a usual one in all branches of public business. Even when a man is designated to buy up horses for the government, he begins bargaining at once by offering to pay a horse-owner £15 for his horse if the owner will give him £5 for taking it, and then he charges the government £25, thus pocketing £15 in the transaction. A Yankee cannot teach a Turk anything about making a trade.

HASSAN PASHA,
Minister of Marine.

When a Vali or a mutasarif or any other officer receives an order to appropriate so much money for the putting up of a public building, the officer at once hunts for the contractor who will put up the greatest sham at the smallest price, lets a contract, and pockets a good share of the money. Every governor puts two or three paras in his pocket in this way. This method of aggrandizement is legitimate and business-like.

The tax-assessors have their turn at the grab-bag too. They know how to win bribes from the poor villagers by telling them that they have 1000 sheep when they have but 500. The poor people can afford to club together and pay a few pounds to secure a just assessment better than they can support the burden of double taxation. So the leeches go their rounds; and the people?—well, the people live—that is, some of them do. But what with allowing extortion, heavy taxes, blood-money, and Kurdish spoliation, Bahri Pasha of Van was responsible for the death of 1000 Armenians and the emigration of 5000 more, although he was governor but two and a half years.

Among policemen, or zabtiehs, an ordinary way of paying their own salaries of late has been to secure as many orders for house-searchings as they could, to take grain-bags with them when they went to their work, and to fill them with household goods, while they were nominally only looking for revolutionary documents or fire-arms. One poor widow of Amasia, whose son was shot as a revolutionist, had her home well stripped by zabtiehs, and then had to pay the police officer several pounds for the trouble he took to search the house and kill her son.

There is the regular tribute of lower officials dependent for positions upon the favor of the provincial governors. In the ordinary administration of justice or injustice there are many cases like that of a Greek of Konieh. In order that the lawsuit involving a large property might not go against him the Greek walked into the presence of the Vali one day with a bag containing £1500 in gold. He asked quietly whether he should leave the bag there or scatter the contents at the door (among the lower officials). He received the reply, "You may leave it here." In a surprisingly short time after the case was decided the Vali had forgotten that such a case was ever before the court for decision. Short memories and long arms are indispensable conveniences in Turkey.

If the Valis are no better than the Roman provincial governor in whose prosecution Cicero won his spurs, what must necessarily be the character of the Porte which draws its supply of cabinet ministers from the class of governors-general? As the metamorphosis of a Vali into a minister is a physical and not a chemical change, the character of cabinet molecules differs not at all from the nature of a governor's organization. Unless some intrigue hinders, a bad Minister of the Interior guarantees a bad Vali, while bad kadis and bad judges in general are certain of forbearance in a bad Minister of Justice.

It is true that for a time even progressive, liberal Turks may lodge at the Porte, as in the case of the recent cabinet under the leadership of Said Pasha; but when the Sultan discovers the mistake in his selection of tools, political decapitation follows. As a rule, such progressive men are discovered and disposed of in the spring-time of their political careers, before they have honored many governorships. For the Sultan does not propose even to receive demands from his cabinet for the control of the administration, let alone to accept them, and an audacious ministry like the one called to office recently under Said Pasha, but never established, at once realizes that Abdul Hamid ascended the throne to rule, and to rule alone by himself. He has never intended to be ruled by his officials until he should lose his throne like Sultan Assiz.

What a man's qualifications must be for promotion in the Turkish civil or military service cannot be stated in a rule applicable to all cases of any one class. In general it may be said that the greater the rascal the greater his chances of advancement. The history of some of these rascals tells of careers that are interesting as well as wicked and successful. Hosref Pasha, a military commander in Damascus, furnishes a case in point.

It was a harum-scarum life he led in the mountains about Samsun, robbing, and killing his victims when necessary, and for a long time escaping from the snares that the government laid to catch him. Even when his last day came, and he found himself with two of his accomplices in prison for life, his wits were alive to the best the situation afforded. If the government would release him he offered to bring to the government the head of the other brigand of the band who had escaped. The government saw no objection to such a plan; so Hosref stepped out and the required head was sent in. He was next heard of as chaoush in the telegraph office at Samsun; then he served as zabtieh, was taken to Sivas, where he suddenly rose to the office of a mutasarif. In a short time he returned to Samsun as a captain, or centurion, and there had such numerous complaints lodged against him for his harsh treatment of the people that he was immediately promoted to the position of assistant Ali Bey (Chief of Gendarmerie) at Trebizond.

I repeat the statement that the government promoted Hosref because of his harsh treatment of the people. In Turkey the government does not exist for the good of the governed. The policy at Yildiz has been to carry on the government for the good of the governors; the inevitable consequence has been to deepen the line of demarcation between rulers and ruled. When governors and governed are set over against each other, whoever shows himself hostile to the governed is a friend of the governors, and therefore of the Sultan. Promote him, then, and promote him at once.

The next appointment of this pleasing Extension-of-the-Sublime-Shadow-of-the-Sultan was to the post of Ali Bey of Van, but he was soon given the same position in the vilayet of Sivas, where he made himself famous by his cruel and outrageous extortion, his encouragement of brigandage, his incendiary fires, and his opposition to foreign residents. When his removal was finally forced on the Constantinople authorities by foreign pressure, a few Turks requested his continuance in office. Immediately others telegraphed to the Sublime Porte that if Hosref continued in office another man should be appointed for the poor, as Hosref suited only the rich. When a petition in his behalf was presented to one of the Turks, the man exclaimed: "Go off, donkey! He has eaten up our flesh, and now do you want him to eat up our bones also?"

SHAKIR PASHA,
Head-Commissioner for the Establishment of Reforms.

His rank of Pasha was won in Sivas by sending a dozen beautiful Circassian girls to the Palace. With a chamberlain at the Palace to watch over his interests, and Memduke Pasha, then Governor of the vilayet, to encourage and support him, his self-assurance in rascality went too far, and foreigners compelled his removal. But of course his removal was only a promotion to a higher position at Damascus.

The truckling of official to official and of all to the Sultan is everywhere apparent. To be sure, now and then a kaimakan arises like the one in Kaisarieh, who, when Memduke Pasha, then Vali of Angora, demanded 500 Turkish pounds of him, promptly refused. He was sent off to another part of the empire in consequence, and given a meaner position. But generally lower officials follow the policy of the Mayor of Sivas, who has been in office fifteen years, although a mayor is elected only for two years, and is rarely re-elected many times. But this clinging Mayor of Sivas has known how to make himself useful to every Vali, so as to secure the Vali's overweening influence in every election. He has sat serenely watching Valis come and Valis go. Truly he is a veteran in truckling.

But the character of the governing class has been well illustrated in the massacres. With few exceptions its members have followed out the instructions of his Majesty to the letter, and with evident relish. At Trebizond, Erzerum, and Bitlis they did their work almost as well as the men at Diarbekir and Kharput. If the governor and military commander at Ourfa have broken the record in their zeal by arranging a second massacre, the Vali of Sivas has made an infamous reputation by his activity in the bloody work and by his encouragement of prolonged deviltry on the part of Kurds and Turks. The massacre in Sivas lasted practically a week, although the greatest number were killed on the first day. Since then in this vilayet Kurds have looted and burned villages and killed Christians at their pleasure.

In the eastern provinces the officials have looked on enthusiastically, to all appearances, while the Christians were butchered who would not profess Islam. In Kharput the Kurds and redifs, or reserves (in disguise), and the Turkish rabble were incited and directed by Turkish officials, of whom Mustafa Pasha, the commanding general, was chief. Mustafa has been a large sharer in the plunder, for he had a cordon of Circassians around the city during the first pillaging, and whenever they saw very valuable plunder being carried off, they seized it for their commander. Greed, eternal greed, is the creed of the Turkish official.

Officers have sustained their excellent reputation for lying as well as for greed in these massacres, and have known how to stroke the ears of the Sultan with the most pleasing falsehoods. From every section was telegraphed the message, "The Armenians aroused the fury of the Turks by attacking them in their mosques at the hour of prayer." And on December 22d an official despatch was published to the world, saying, "With the exception of Zeitun, order reigns in the whole empire." Yet at that time Samsun was in hourly fear of a massacre; Sivas was expecting a second outbreak; in many large towns Turks were entering the houses of Christians at will and taking what they could find; Kurds were still at work in villages all over the country; nowhere had a proclamation from the Sultan been posted giving assurances of safety; and the people were still crouching in their houses, afraid to appear on the streets lest imprisonment and chains be the next trial awaiting them. I know of what I speak. I travelled in the interior not a week prior to the date of this despatch.

Not only have the governing class extorted money from the people without let or hinderance, but many of them have satisfied their lusts whenever passion has happened to seize them. The papers have already been filled with reports telling of the exploits of Turkish soldiers when gathering taxes in villages. The extent to which Sassun women were carried off to the homes of officials is partly known. To-day, in some districts of Armenia, so great is the ravishing and capturing of women that I suppose a woman who has not been violated would be hard to find.

But in this extensive work ordinary Turks have also been largely engaged.

But such an evil account must not be closed until one or two of the few good stories that the writer knows have been told. I have already spoken of the non-bribe-taking character of Halil Pasha, and it is generally known that Kutchuk Said, recent Grand Vizier, and for many years in the service of the Sultan, is so poor that he could not live if he were to escape out of the clutches of Abdul Hamid and take refuge in a foreign country. Occasionally honest under-officials or officers are found in the provinces, but they seldom rise to any position worthy of mention.

Bekir Pasha, mutasarif of Amasia, should be mentioned with much respect. He has preserved comparatively good order in his district despite the fact that he is under the supervision of such a man as the Vali of Sivas. Between twenty and thirty were killed in the city of Amasia, while neighboring cities counted the victims by hundreds. All of the massacres of his district had a humane character, except the one at Khousa. He prevented a massacre at one time by marching through the city three hundred Circassians, who obeyed him perfectly, and by their presence overawed excitable Turks. But he finally yielded to pressure, and the massacre occurred. The kaimakam of Marsovan saved many of his Armenian friends on the fatal day, and would not allow the massacre to continue on the second day, when the villagers gathered for a share in the fun. It is well to mention the good work of the kaimakams of Visa Keupra and Hadji Kevi, one of whom resisted a demand for a massacre several days, and then held the people well in check, while the other kept order altogether despite the pressure upon him.

I speak of demands for massacres, an expression that may seem strange when I have emphasized the government origin of the work. But the explanation is quickly made. When the Turks all about a given district, and almost all over the empire, are increasing their wordly goods by plundering their neighbors, the inhabitants of any one district are sooner or later seized with the raiding fever; but even then it has been shown in the cases given that a governor can often control the people if he is so minded. Generally, however, they do not consider it worth while to neglect the commands of the Sultan, and the massacres take place.

This article is not meant to be an exhaustive study of the governing class, but as far as it goes it aims to tell the truth. May all of the Christians of the empire not perish before some help comes to this distressed country!

TIMOTHY PITKINS.

STEADY REFORM IN NEW YORK'S POLICE FORCE.

SPOILS politics prevented the passage last winter by the Legislature of a police reorganization bill for New York city. Spoils politics will undoubtedly prevent the passage of such a bill this winter. This means that the Police Commissioners must root out corruption in the police force little by little, and that the people of New York will not have the full reform in that respect for which they voted when they overthrew Tammany Hall.

When the spoilsmen had beaten the reform effort last year they thought that they had the Police Commissioners tied hand and foot. They did not count on the persistency of the new board, which has a right to make removals for certain causes, although removals are reviewable by the courts. The Commissioners reckoned on the probability that a blackmailer on the force would, sooner or later, become remiss in the performance of his duties; that a thief or other scoundrel in police uniform, and the man who did wrong under the protection of a "pull," would soon commit some indiscretion that would call for discipline.

All this has come to pass, and one might say that man by man the force is being purified. In less than one year the new board has found a way for the removal of nearly a hundred men. Astonishing as this result is, it by no means represents the change in the tone of New York's police force. The corrupt men who remain on the force have been frightened into doing fairly honest work. Although the force is the same, with the exception of the hundred men who have been dismissed and the additions to fill out the ranks, as it was under Tammany domination, nevertheless one can say truthfully that it has already become reformed.

One can best understand how this has been accomplished by being present at the trials of delinquent policemen, which are held weekly at police headquarters. No policeman can be removed except after a trial, and here it is that the work of purification has been done. Commissioner Roosevelt happened to be in the chair the day we visited the court-room. It is a long, narrow place, one end of which is cut off by a railing. On the benches outside the railing are perhaps 250 policemen whose cases are to be heard. The accusers are chiefly roundsmen who have found patrolmen remiss in their duty.

Very soon one sees the reason for most of the changes in the character of the police force. The accusing roundsmen, one can see at a glance, are of a higher grade of man than the average policeman. In the former days an honest roundsman feared to prefer charges against delinquent patrolmen, because the "pull" was everywhere. The new board found it could reduce roundsmen to the ranks without having their action reviewed by the courts. Therein lay the key to the situation. With roundsmen faithful to their work the force could be brought up to an excellent if not to the best standard. Discipline ultimately depends upon the roundsmen and their work.

When a case is called, and a roundsman and an accused patrolman come to the front, you notice that Mr. Roosevelt gives each a searching glance. It is no betrayal of confidence to say that there is a tone of satisfaction in his voice as he turns to you, if you happen to sit beside him, and says, in a low voice:

"You see this roundsman coming up? Well, we found him a patrolman, with a record of sentences to Sing Sing aggregating more than 150 years. He had risked his life in some arrests. He had been a dozen years on the force, and had not been promoted because he would not use the 'pull.'"

Mr. Roosevelt's words are verified, and the case is soon heard and dismissed. As roundsman after roundsman comes up, Mr. Roosevelt tells you quietly something about each. This man performed some act of great bravery; that man has a record of encounters with desperate criminals; this man has done some superior detective work; the other man has a record of capturing two or three murderers, who have died in the electric chair. Every man has been promoted strictly on his merits, and he understands that further promotion depends upon fearless work.

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the men accused is that of strict fairness. A strictly honest man obtains leniency almost always. Two policemen have met at the junction of their posts, and have stood there conversing for twenty-five minutes by the roundsman's watch. When they come up they acknowledge the truth of the charge, and say frankly that they did not realize that it was more than five or ten minutes, but that they are guilty.

"I want to break up this chatting on post," says Mr. Roosevelt, quickly. "The tax-payers pay you for patrolling the streets. You have been manly enough to acknowledge your fault, and I will take that into consideration."

Soon a man comes up who maunders in his statements, half whimpers his excuses, and quick as a flash Mr. Roosevelt's finger is pointing at him, and these words are almost snapped out: "You are pleading the baby act. I don't like that. The case is closed."

A heavy penalty is likely to go down opposite that man's name. Every case that comes up brings the accused man's record with it. His envelope is produced, and the penalty is fixed largely by reference to the man's record. When the record becomes too bad, the sitting Commissioner recommends dismissal to the full board, and this is how the process of weeding out the bad men has been carried on.

A sergeant who has been acting as captain prefers charges against a patrolman. Mr. Roosevelt greets the acting captain pleasantly, and says:

"Good-morning, captain. Do you prefer this charge? Well, I am glad to see that you patrol your district yourself. That is what we want." There have been some robberies in this man's precinct that have attracted attention, and one understands the meaning of the next remark by Mr. Roosevelt, whose voice remains precisely as it was: "You know, captain, there have been quite a good many robberies about town lately."

The shot goes home at once, and you can almost see the sergeant, who is hoping to become a captain, wince. His eyes sparkle, however, as he replies: "We've got the men in one of those robberies in my precinct; caught them this morning. We expect to get the others this afternoon."

It is now Mr. Roosevelt's turn to be surprised a little, and there is a ring of satisfaction in his voice as he openly commends the acting captain. One can understand the significance of this when one remembers that for months representations have been made in some newspapers of New York city that crime is increasing. Statistics, the accuracy of which cannot be questioned for a moment, show that this is untrue.

Thus hour by hour of the trials passes, and at the close you say to Mr. Roosevelt, "You seem to know a great many of these men personally."

The reply is: "We are studying this force almost man by man. We hope to accomplish a good deal in this way. Gradually the men are learning that the day of the 'pull' is gone, and that the sure way to preferment is through faithful work. We know the men better every day. Before we get through we hope to know the practical value and merit of every man on the force."

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

PONIES AND PONY-BREEDING.

WELSH PONIES.

PART III.

A TRUE pony one size larger than the Shelties, the hill pony of Wales, has survived to our times because his qualities were recognized by the Welsh people, who believed he was worthy of being kept true to type. Indeed, the Welsh pony is like the men of Wales, sturdy, a bit stubborn, open to kind influences, but not to be put down by the first usurper who tries to conquer him. Like the men of the country, the ponies are very tough and reliable. Many of them are quite bloodlike in form, and very handsome, having received at some period in their development the blood of an Arab or the English thoroughbred as an infusion. They differ so little in size and conformation from the Exmoor and New Forest ponies that they often pass for pure Exmoors; and no one is the wiser for knowing that they are not what they are thus represented to be. Indeed, good judges cannot always be certain that a Welsh pony offered as an Exmoor is not one.

Many Welsh ponies have come to America first and last, and Mr. Robert Miller, of Pickering, Ontario, Canada, one of the earliest and most extensive breeders and importers of this type of animal, is said to have a 13-hand pony mare in his possession that has been used in his family for twenty years, and is still well and sound.

The late Major Campbell Brown, of Spring Hill, Tennessee, when establishing his pony-breeding stud, chose Welsh ponies as his foundation, and took great pains to get the best that could be had in Wales, irrespective of cost. Of the stallion his agent sent him he wrote: "Rajah is 13¾ hands high, with the heavy bone, muscular development, and power of a strong 15-hand horse. I have never ridden any animal that carried me up and down steep hills with such ease. He has strong oblique shoulders, capital neck and crest, neat head, broad forehead, strong back and loin, and immense sloping quarters." Of the mare that came with Rajah he wrote: "Ranee has rather more style and quality, with almost equal strength, and more trappy action. They can trot together to a phaeton or surrey ten to twelve miles an hour. I have repeatedly driven them from mile-stone to mile-stone in five minutes."

No man in the world stands higher as an authority regarding Welsh ponies than Mr. John Hill, of Felhampton Court, Church Stretton, England. He was quite influential in organizing the Polo Pony Stud-Book Society, and was chosen its first president. The following extracts are taken from Mr. Hill's contribution to the preface of the first volume of the society's stud-book:

"Although the Welsh ponies have of late years been terribly neglected, and the original beauty and distinctive character in many respects spoilt by crosses of the Hackney for the purpose of gaining size, still there are evident signs of the awakening appreciation of the pure old blood, which has all the time been carefully guarded by men who value it as much as the Eastern breeders do the high-caste Arab. Living on the boundary of Wales, and being intimate with its ponies all my life, I have no hesitation in saying that there is no safer or more appropriate foundation for the object which the society has in view, and which I have endeavored to describe, than this pure Welsh pony blood.... Their action is remarkable for its freedom and dash.... The hock movement is good, though in some instances they go a trifle wide in their fast paces, and the hind quarter is often shorter than it should be. The little mountain ponies very much follow their larger cousins in action, but many breeders do not like too much bend of the knees, preferring rather a kind of darting movement, like a thoroughbred horse or an Arab. I must say I like to see every class of horse bend the knee in their trot, but this may be easily distinguished in the riding-horse or pony from the more extravagant high movement so valuable in those suitable for harness. The indomitable pluck, endurance, and good temper of the Welsh pony, together with his substance and dash, will be found an invaluable cross for the thoroughbred and Eastern-bred ponies."

Sir Richard D. Greene Price, Bart., the well-known writer for English agricultural papers, over the pen-name of Borderer, while addressing the Marshbrook Agricultural Society in 1891, took the Welsh pony as his text, urging his hearers by all means to stick to the pure old blood, and pointing out its valuable characteristics. To illustrate one part of his subject he said:

"Some years ago I saw a diminutive pony being ridden by a shepherd on my father's grouse moor on the Beacon, in Radnorshire. I recommended the rider chaffingly to get off and carry the pony, as his legs nearly touched the ground. In reply to this he dashed off to show me the paces of the little animal, and to assure me that it made nothing of his weight. I was so pleased that I bought the pony then and there. A more perfect little animal could not have been conceived than it grew into after I had it a couple of years, and my children were delighted in riding it. I was then persuaded to send it to Lord Portman, in Dorsetshire, for his own riding, he being an old man and a light weight, unable to mount a bigger horse. He was delighted in little Gypsy, as I called her, and I believe she became what she had been with us—the pet of the family."

That these ponies have in their veins much Arab and English thoroughbred blood is certain. In 1859 a Mr. Bowden, who had been thirty years in India, five of them as agent of the Indian government for purchasing horses, together with Mr. Fleming, a rich merchant, sent into Wales some of the best Arabs that money could buy. One of these horses was the Star of India, winner of the Mysore Stakes (the Indian Derby), value £2000 ($10,000). He was stood for two seasons at the place of Mr. Bowden's brother, in Gloucestershire, and the best Welsh pony mares that money could buy were bred to him. Later they added two other Arab stallions to the stud, Bintmore and Copenhagen.

Two other sires that left a very marked impression on the Welsh ponies were Cupid—who stood in South Wales,* and whose blood gave a great value to anything known as possessing it—and Apricot. Of this latter Mr. R. K. Mainwaring remarks: "The greatest pony sire that ever was in Denbighshire, Merionethshire, and adjacent to Caernarvon, was Apricot, a horse, or rather pony, about 14 hands, who won races against full-sized race-horses. He belonged to Sir Robert Vaughn, of Rug, and was, I think, by a Derby winner. In my youth everything, if a chestnut and a Welsh pony, had Apricot blood in it, and Mr. Roper, of Plas Teg, near Mold, undoubtedly possessed descendants of this pony, and they frequently won at the Chester autumn sports." Apricot was a son of Velocipede, and was a chestnut with four white legs. This color and these markings he transmitted with great uniformity. The ponies of the Berwyn hills are a most hardy race, having a peculiar white mark under the belly. Some of the best in Wales are those of Lord Mostyn, and among these are some gray, and even nearly white. The most common colors of the family, however, are dark bays, without white marking, brown with tan muzzles, and black. The pure Welsh pony never has more curly hair than a true Arab, no matter how long his winter coat may be.

A number of Welsh ponies have been brought to Canada. Mr. C. W. Robinson, of Kingston, Ontario, says: "Six years ago I bought my first. Since then I have raised, bought, and sold over two hundred. All my driving, which is considerable, is done by ponies. I have a team forty-seven inches high that I can drive right along eight miles an hour—have done so frequently for thirty miles at a stretch.... I can feed three ponies on what one horse will consume. They will eat almost anything. I can safely say a Newfoundland dog will cost more to keep than a pony. I had no idea the work that could be done with these ponies."

It is matter for congratulation that the public has at last become awake to the great value of Welsh pony blood. It is not likely that there is further danger for them of being overwhelmed in the foul blood of Clydesdale and Shire cart-horses, which engulfed and destroyed the equally valuable Scotch ponies.

EXMOOR, DARTMOOR, AND NEW FOREST PONIES.

The ponies from these three districts are practically a single family, differing mainly in the individual thoroughbred and Arab horses that have contributed their blood in improving the race. For the purposes of this paper they will all be treated as one, under the single name of Exmoor. We may note, however, that the forest of Dartmoor is much more extensive than Exmoor. It has an area of about 320 square miles, 30 long by 14 wide, and is largely the property of the Prince of Wales, a part of his Duchy of Cornwall. Here ponies have been bred for generations, running free in the forest, the only cost of raising them being an annual fee of half a crown (62½ cents) to the Moorman, who had to account for all ponies missing when wanted, and the further cost of each owner marking his own animals.

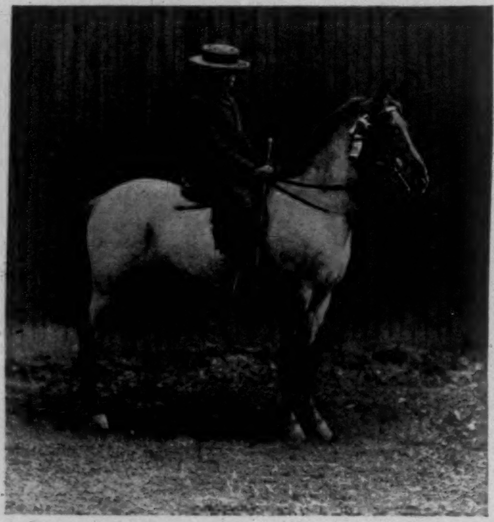
Some most excellent and high-bred horses have contributed to the improvement of the Dartmoor ponies, the best of all being the descendants of Young Gainsborough, son of Gainsborough and a pony mare, Gainsborough having been by Rubens, his dam by Orville, and the best horse of his day.

Young Gainsborough was owned by a farmer named Elliott, and the offspring of this horse were known far and wide as "Lord" Elliott's ponies. They were about 13 hands high, brown with tan muzzles, and were noted for their speed and endurance. Elliott died about 1860. Mr. Hamblin of Buckfastleigh is said still to maintain the same strain, and he and the prison authorities of Prince

* In our day no man in Wales can show better specimens of the pure old pony breed than Mr. Evan Jones, of Llandilo, South Wales. His stallion King Flyer and several of his mares may well be considered types of what a Welsh pony should be.

Town now divide the honors of having the best ponies in Dartmoor. Besides Young Gainsborough, other good blood has been infused into the Dartmoor ponies by the thoroughbred horses Jack-in the-Green, Memnon, Cracksman, and Tom Thumb, as well as by some pure Arabs—Bedouin, one of the highest caste, having stood for a time at Brent.

Exmoor is situated on the north of Devon, overlooking the British Channel. It was once a forest, and is still spoken of as "the forest"; but save in the "croms" or dells, there is not a tree. The greater portion is under deep treacherous peat bog, the remainder yielding scant crops of oats, and fair pasture for sheep, though said to be naturally more fertile than Dartmoor.



CUPID—WELSH PONY.

The stag is still hunted in "the forest," where he is found in his wild state, by the Devon and Somerset staghounds—a noble pack of large-sized fox-hounds. The runs frequently extend to thirty miles or more, the hard-pressed stag often swimming out to sea.

From the time of William Rufus till early in the present century Exmoor continued the property of the crown. Its area is about 20,000 acres, and the Exe and Barle flow through it to the sea. There are no traces of population on the moors, and till within the present century there were no roads. The scene of Blackmore's beautiful story *Lorna Doone* is laid in this wild and romantic region.

The Exmoor pony is doubtless the highest type of animal to be found among all the pony families. Rev. F. F. Vidal, one of the most critical horsemen in England, declares it nearer to the type of a high-caste Arab in conformation and general qualities than any horse living. Mr. Vidal is one of the foremost authorities on questions of Arab blood, and one of the most intelligent breeders of pure Arab horses now living. Indeed, he breeds nothing but pure Arabs, excepting a family of polo and hunting ponies, which will be noticed in their place—probably the best ponies in the world. These are the produce of two or three generations of carefully selected Arab sires on a pure Exmoor foundation.

Captain W. C. Kerr, V. C., thus describes the ponies now under attention: "The true Exmoor pony is a strong, well-knit, 13 to 14 hand animal of the dray-horse-in-miniature type up to enormous weight, sure-footed, docile, generally bay in color, and possessing an iron-clad constitution. He is as hardy as the proverbial tinker's dog. His salient points are strength of loin, well-sprung ribs, great breadth of chest; in fact, he is what your people would term a 'chunky' little fellow. Over those treacherous bogs they are the best and safest conveyances, with a very fair turn of speed; nothing tires them, and after the longest and severest day they invariably feed well. All are natural fencers, and the way they surmount the tremendous banks is marvellous. I ought to mention that their heads are very neat and bloodlike, in some cases very Arablike; they carry their tails gayly, have a little silky hair about the heels, but, like all our ponies, are often faulty about the shoulders."

VIRGINIA—EXMOOR MARE, 13½ HANDS.

About the year 1818 the moors were leased to Sir Thomas Ackland, Bart., and to-day another Sir Thomas and Mr. Wynne Knight are the principal land-owners.

The present Ackland, Sir Thomas Dyke Ackland, Bart., has neglected the ponies on this property in a most frightful manner. It is notorious that many of them have died of starvation in hard winters, having failed of even the care given the sheep on his pastures, which have been removed to winter quarters. It goes without saying that any that survive such treatment must be exceedingly hardy, and a good foundation on which to build an improved breed, as others have bred.

This Sir Thomas wrote of them, in 1886: "All I know as to Exmoor ponies is that my father, when lessee of Exmoor, prior, I think, to 1815, when he was at Vienna, used to have about 500 ponies running wild. I believe there was a famous stallion, Katerfelto, who was supposed to put some fine (Spanish or Arab) blood into them, but this may be a myth."

By all means let every reader of this writing, who has not already had that pleasure, add *Katerfelto*, by Whyte Melville, to the list of books he would read, along with *Lorna Doone*. This charming story, fresh with the breath of the moors, tells how the horse Katerfelto came to be running wild in Exmoor, to the great improvement of its breed of ponies.

Sir Thomas Dyke Ackland continues: "The moor was sold by the crown to Mr. Knight, father of Sir F. Knight, late M. P. for Worcestershire. There was a great sale when we were at Vienna, and it must have spread the breed about. Since that time we have always had from 80 to 100 running, partly on Winsford Hill, where a small farm (Ashway) of sixty acres is practically given up to them, partly as an enclosed brake, partly to provide a little hay for the winter.... I think we have two strains, one rather wiry and nervous, the other more stumpy and a little more sober. My father used to complain that the breed was going down by reason of some neglect."

The neglect of the Ackland ponies noted above seems to have existed, then, in the days of the father, as well as now in the time of the son.

The present Sir Thomas is quite an old man, and so is Mr. Wynne Knight, the joint proprietor of Exmoor. The latter is described, by one who knows him, as a "stalwart specimen of the English gentleman, and in his time a bold first-class horseman, who feared no fall."

Whatever may be the facts about the gray Arabian Katerfelto in the early days, there is no doubt about late infusions of Arab and thoroughbred blood into the Exmoor strain. Lord Ribblesdale is authority for the statement that an Arabian or Turk named Omar Pasha served some time in "the forest." This horse carried a messenger, sent by the Turkish general of that name, ninety miles without drawing rein, to convey the news of the Russian repulse at Silistria and retreat on Varna. The horse made little of the long journey, but the rider died; and no wonder, for Mr. Wilson, who had charge of the 15-hand Eastern sire in England, and rode him every morning, used to say that nothing short of a cast-iron man could sit on him for six hours. Omar Pasha—the horse, not the brilliant soldier—was for some time in Earl Spencer's stable at Althorp, Northamptonshire, where he got some good stock. Unless he had been noted for dogged stamina, the general would never have despatched him to carry so important an announcement. Many Arab horses were in the field, so probably this was a well-bred desert horse.

About 1860 two most excellent stallions, one a son of Old Port, were brought to Exmoor by one of the tenant farmers, and used with great success on the pony mares. Old Port was a small thoroughbred of the richest breeding, being by Sir Hercules out of Beeswing.

Another remarkably prepotent sire used about the same time was the famous pony Bobby. He was bred by Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton. He was by Robin—son of Dr. Syntax and a Catton mare—dam by Borack, an Arab very celebrated on the Madras race-course, and sire of some of the best ponies ever raised on Exmoor. It will be noticed that Bobby had some of the same blood as Old Port—Dr. Syntax, sire of Robin, having been also sire of the famous Beeswing mentioned above.

Of late years, one of the most earnest and intelligent of any who have given attention to the improvement of the Exmoor ponies was the famous "Jack Russell," the hunting parson of North Devon. He was one of the finest horsemen and keenest sportsmen that ever sat in pig-skin, and his memory is dear to all Englishmen, from the Prince of Wales down. "Parson Rissell," as the farmers dubbed this prince of huntsmen, kept his own fox-hounds, and hunted the fox and stag in the forest for years. A real mountain-fox—an Exmoor or Dartmoor "Hector"—can go like a race-horse, and go on forever. To tackle these four-footed banditti, it is necessary to have hounds both stanch and steady. The "gentleman in black" got together a level pack, boasting the best blood in all England, from the Belvoir, the Quorn, Pytchley, Lord Southampton's, the Duke of Beaufort's, and other kennels. He knew as much about a fox as a fox does about himself. The old Exmoor pony, as he found it, could hardly keep up with this flying pack, so a cross of warm blood was infused into the mixture. Among other undersized thoroughbreds and Arabs used on the pony mares was one named Barnmite.

It is said that his offspring would gallop all day, and jump almost anything. Russell had a little nag of 14.2, bred in that way, that was the wonder of that part of the world. These multum-in-parvos had often to carry their owners between twenty and thirty miles to the meet, would hunt till dark, and jog home not unfrequently forty miles or so. The lesson learned from the success of Russell and his ponies was expressed by one of the writers above mentioned in these words: "For hunting over that rough country, nothing can touch the pure Exmoor mare cross with the Arab or the diminutive thoroughbred."

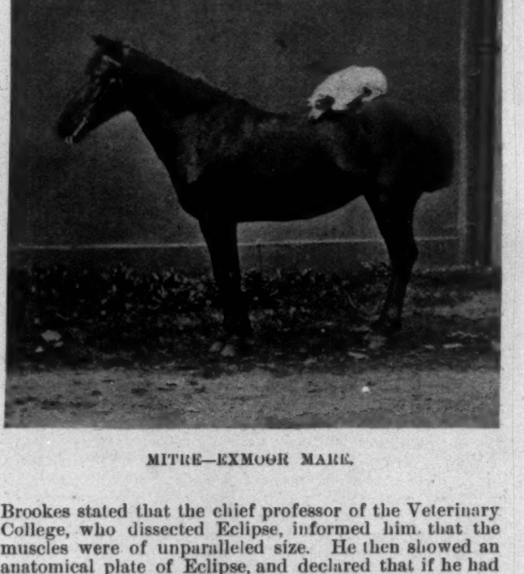
So well has this lesson sunk into the minds of the British sporting fraternity that it has developed into an organized effort to keep pony-breeding true to the lines so laid down. The interest in Devonshire has attained such proportions that a society, called the New Forest Pony Association, has been formed to promote it. At the meeting

RUSH—WELSH MARE.

of the council of this association, of which Lord Arthur Cecil is president, held at Lyndhurst in 1892 (reports of later meetings have escaped the writer), a membership of one hundred and eighty-two was reported. In 1890 Queen Victoria, who is much interested in the movement, sent the association, from Windsor, her Arab stallion Abeyan, who was kept by Lord Montagu at Beaulieu, standing at a nominal fee. In 1891 she added the Arab Yirassan; and the famous little Irish stallion Sprig of Shillaleigh was kept at another point in the forest. These were additional to about eighty other stallions running freely with the pony mares on the moors, these having been increased by the Pony Association, who purchased and turned loose four very high bred ones in 1891, two from Lord Arthur Cecil, one from Mr. William Everett, and one from Mr. F. J. Strange. Add to these the pure Arab Esau, leased from Mr. Vidal, and one becomes impressed with the intelligence and energy of the association, which must have a tremendous influence in making the ponies from this part of the world better than ever they were. And that is almost unnecessary.

At the inaugural meeting of the New Forest Pony Association, Mr. W. J. C. Moens pointed out the fact of the foundation of the family of ponies being laid in the stoutest of thoroughbred and Arab blood. He called attention to the fact that Marske, sire of the renowned and unbeaten horse Eclipse, had run for a time in the New Forest, toward the end of the eighteenth century, to the great improvement of the ponies. He adds: "We may be certain, however, that it was not by chance that Marske was turned into the forest. His owner, the Duke of Cumberland, was warden of the New Forest. This fact points to the more than probability that systematic attempts were then being made to improve the breed."

It is quite within the bounds of reason to believe that the blood of Marske had much to do with the wonderful power of the Exmoor and New Forest ponies, if we may fairly judge of that feature by reference to that greatest of all Marske's sons, Eclipse. In William Hone's Table-Book (1827-31) is given the substance of a lecture delivered by Mr. Joshua Brookes, the eminent naturalist, before the Zoological Society on April 27, 1827. One part of the lecture dwelt upon the intimate relation existing between great muscular power and extraordinary swiftness. Mr.



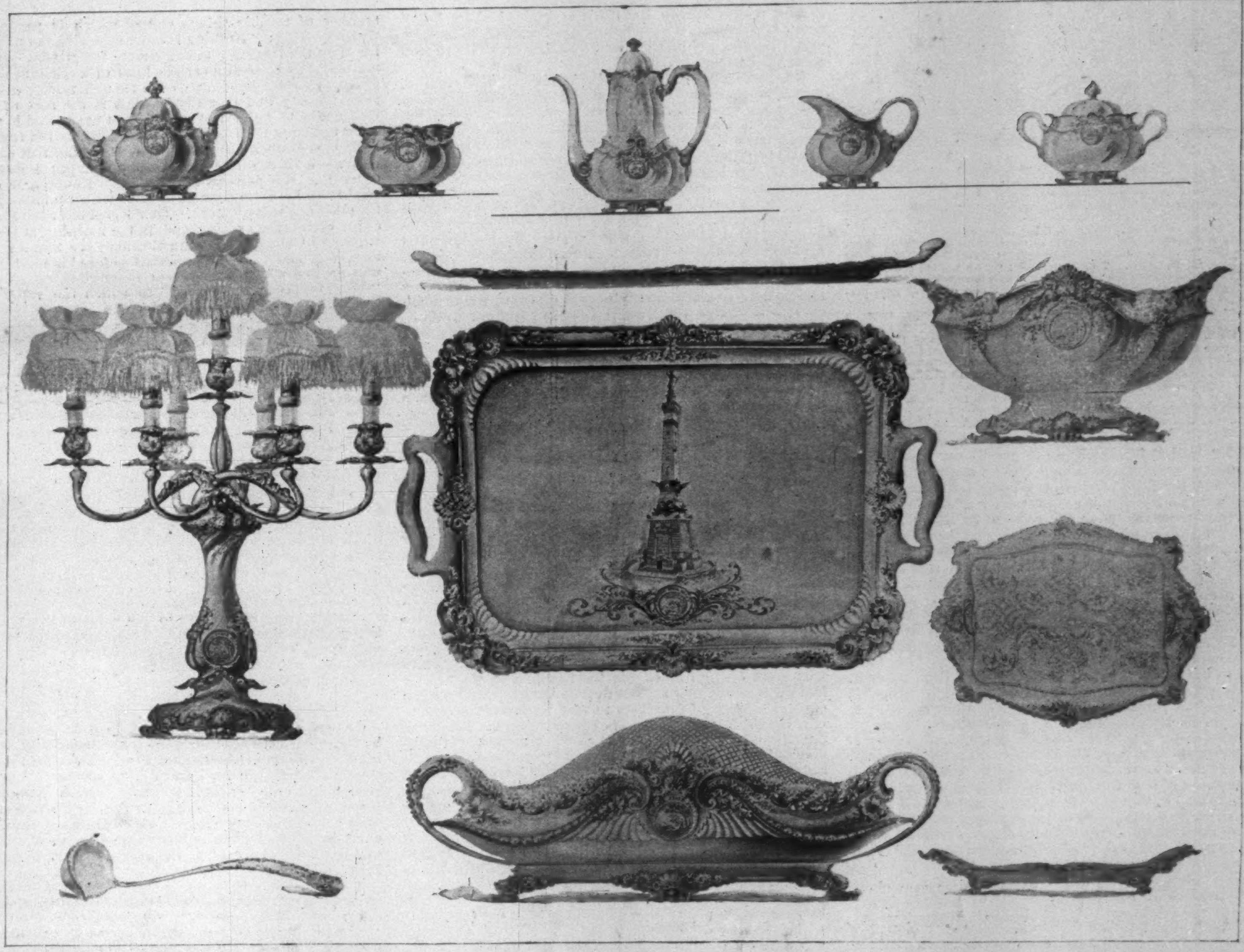
MITRE—EXMOOR MARE.

Brookes stated that the chief professor of the Veterinary College, who dissected Eclipse, informed him that the muscles were of unparalleled size. He then showed an anatomical plate of Eclipse, and declared that if he had not told his hearers that it represented a race-horse, they would have been justified in declaring the representation to be that of a draught animal, because of its size.

In 1791, Professor Charles Vial de Saint Bel wrote a treatise "On the Proportions of Eclipse." Saint Bel calculated that this paragon of horses, free of all weight, and galloping at liberty at his greatest speed, could cover twenty-five feet at each complete action, and could repeat the action twice and one-third in each second of time. He therefore believed him capable of covering four miles in six minutes two seconds. Although neither handsome nor well proportioned, according to the ideas then accepted, he considered him "almost perfect in the mechanism of his frame."

We can well believe that when the uncle of George III. turned Marske into the New Forest, that great little horse impressed on the ponies therein some of the same traits which appeared so markedly in his greater son Eclipse. Speed, strength, and stamina are the marked characteristics of the Exmoor ponies to this day.

SPENCER BORDEN.



THE SILVER SERVICE TO BE PRESENTED BY THE STATE OF INDIANA TO THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."

[SEE "THIS BUSY WORLD," PAGE 234.]

STREET SCENES IN JOHANNESBURG DURING THE INSURRECTION OF JANUARY, 1896.

I DO not think that anybody in Johannesburg was greatly surprised when the insurrection broke out, and when the provisional government was declared on the last day of 1895. Things had suddenly reached a crisis, had been precipitated by the dash over the Transvaal border, but the crisis had been in preparation for months previous. Everybody knew that it was in preparation. The mines began to shut down. The bakers doubled the price of bread; hotel rates were advanced.

On December 30th the man who sat opposite me cried out, when I came to supper: "The fat is in the fire now. The B. B. P. have crossed the border, and are on the march to Johannesburg." As he was speaking, the half-naked Zulu who delivered the evening papers on a tricycle brought us in the *Star*—the one reliable journal of Johannesburg. It was the stop-press edition of half past six. The news was confirmed under these head-lines: "Crossed the Border—Forces Making for Johannesburg—Conflict Lamentably Imminent—Suspense at an End—Immeasurable Gravity of the Situation." This was how the first tidings of Jameson's dash reached the town. Not until the next afternoon, however, did we know that it *was* the Doctor. Every one at first supposed that the column was a flying detachment of the Bechuanaland Border Police, reorganized for this occasion. Three weeks before this time it was current talk from the Transvaal to the Cape that a body of armed men was lying in readiness at Ptsani, just within the British territory. I had heard the rumor before I had been in Africa ten days.

The next morning I went down into the business quarter of the town. It was like a Sunday. The cross streets were silent and deserted. No one was about. The stores were all closed—closed and boarded up. At intervals an Englishman on a small polo-pony would gallop furiously over the cobbles, carrying a rifle across his saddle.

The whole town was crammed into Commissioner Street and Simmonds Street. In front of the Consolidated Gold-Fields' offices the throng was impassable. What was going on? They looked vaguely about. None of them knew. A squad of men with guns, and with cartridge-belts absurdly strapped about their civilian clothes, kept the entrance to the Gold-Fields' offices, requiring a password of all comers. Near by some three or four hundred naked Kaffirs, discharged from the Wemmer Mine the day before, squatted in long lines on the ground and on the curbing, and looked on silently.

Towards the middle of the forenoon the enlisting began. At that time the provisional government had been established, and (curiously enough) the Transvaal flag raised over the Gold-Fields' offices, the headquarters of the rising. The fiction of loyalty to the Boer government was kept up during all the remainder of those exciting days. By manifestoes and through its organs of the press the Reform Committee persistently declared that they stood only for their rights, that they did not intend or desire to overthrow the Pretoria government, and so the Transvaal colors hung motionless above the Gold-Fields' offices, while below, in the same building, hundreds of men were signing the rolls pledging themselves to battle, rifles were distributed, rations, ammunition, all the materials of this war which was to be fought against the Boer government by its loyal subjects.

Such of the insurgents as desired service in the mounted corps presented themselves at Colonel Bettington's headquarters in Fox Street. Here, in addition to rifles and ammunition, they were furnished with horses, brand-new saddles, headstalls, etc. On the walls of the Gold-Fields' buildings one saw all manner of notices pasted to the bricks—calls for more horses, calls for saddles, for shot-guns and all sorts of fire-arms, for women to serve as nurses in the ambulance department, and more especially calls for floor space in the larger mercantile buildings, where could be housed the hundreds of women and children who by this time were pouring into the town usually in enormous wagons like prairie-schooners, drawn by eighteen or twenty bullocks. Scores of these invaded the streets. The long teams of bullocks became entangled with one another; the wheels of the carts, crowded into the narrow streets, interlaced; a young horse tied to the tail of a cart was suddenly seized with the blind staggers and broke the big window of a drug-store. The sidewalks were lined with stolid, speechless farming people, men and women, sitting amidst piles of mattresses, sections of black-walnut bedsteads with spiral legs, smoke-blackened tins and stove-lids tied up in red bedspreads and flowered table-cloths. The children were crying. The hundreds of oxen jammed in the street clicked their horns together like the prolonged rattle of castanets. A gun went off by accident. The confusion was complete.

About noon one of the members of the Reform Committee (I think it must have been Mr. Leonard) appeared at a window, and, amid frantic cheering, told us that Jameson was close in, that he had fought his way through against heavy odds, was now within three miles of Johannesburg, and that a detachment of "Bettington's Horse" (as the mounted insurgents began to be called) were about to march out to join him.

In about half an hour Bettington's Horse appeared, about three hundred and fifty horsemen—Australians and Africanders, young fellows for the most part. They carried their rifles by grasping them about the lock-plate, the butt resting on their thighs. By way of uniform, many of them had wound a white puggeree around their hat-bands, and had pinned up one side of the brim. They were cheered to the echo. After halting a moment in front of the Gold-Fields' offices, they filed off down Fox Street, very solemnly, two abreast. They disappeared, and that was the last Johannesburg saw of Bettington's Horse.

After this came a time of great drilling and "organization." Everybody was enrolled. The enrolment in the "town defence" was very popular. You got a rifle and a horse, and you rode about the streets, very important and military.

There were drills on Von Brandes and Market squares, the troops, about two thousand all told, assembling by nationalities—Australians, Scotchmen (with squealing pipes), North Lancashiremen, Germans, and Americans. All these troops were kept continually on the move, the same bodies reappearing again and again, crossing each other, making repeated circuits of the same block, going out at one end of the street to enter at the other, like the supers in a war drama. The town was bewildered; some said that there were twenty thousand men under arms.

Meanwhile Jameson did not arrive. The roofs of the higher buildings and the porches of the hotels were invaded by large numbers of anxious Uitlanders, levelling their glasses toward the outlying hills in the direction of Auckland Park, whence the column was at any moment expected. The hills themselves were black with people, spectators and mounted insurgents from the camps in the suburbs. On the 1st of January the National Union had issued a proclamation repudiating Jameson, and, through the Commissioner, commanding him to turn back. But nobody put any faith in this. "Clever crowd that National Union, but they couldn't deceive Johannesburg. Their proclamation was only part of the game, of course." And yet Jameson did not arrive.

On the 2d of January came the news that the Doctor had surrendered to the High Commissioner of the English government. Here was a puzzle. Why had the English sent for him if they now demanded and received his surrender? The first suspicion of a great blunder began to spread, but before any definite opinion could be formed the conclusion of the whole matter was heard. The Doctor had been attacked, defeated, and captured within thirty miles of the city he had made a dash to save.

Those who saw the scene in front of the Gold-Fields' offices that night will not easily forget it. The crowd was beside itself with wrath. Again and again members of the committee appeared at the windows, explaining, reasoning, expostulating. The crowd would listen to nothing, refused to see anything but that Jameson had been sacrificed within a few hours' march of 20,000 men. Stones began to fly; the speakers' voices were drowned in a roar of indignation. "Why did you not send us to join him?" "If you made an armistice with the Boer government, why did you not include Jameson in it?" "It is a revolution of capitalists—a money-grabbing scheme of Rhodes and Barnato."

From that time on it was an easy matter for the government to suppress the rising. Even though the Reform Committee subsequently justified the stand taken in the Jameson affair, they did not regain their lost prestige. No one had confidence in them as a body, though there was little doubt that certain of their number were high-minded, conscientious men. A week later arms were laid down with but little reluctance, the Boer police again appeared about the streets, and the Johannesburgers commenced to speak of the great rising as a great farce, mismanaged from the beginning. On the 8th of January, the day upon which President Krueger issued the proclamation of amnesty to all but the ringleaders, the town had resumed its normal appearance.

FRANK NORRIS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A FRIEND of the WEEKLY says, in a letter to this department of it:

"The American papers of February 18th printed the strange news that the Authors' Club of London had repudiated an address alleged to have been sent by that body to the authors of America. Why was the original message concocted, and why subsequently repudiated? All this is unexplained. But what is the Authors' Club of London? Judged by outward manifestations, it is a strange thing.

"I have in my hands a printed list of the General Committee, which graces the top of a formal communication. On this list is the name of 'The Hon. W. W. Astor.' This is striking; for on the list of the Century Club of New York are names of men who have been cabinet ministers—even the President himself. Yet not one of these men presumes to claim more rank in print than his fellows.

"The Authors' Club of London must have weighty reasons for thus honoring an American—reasons not known to the Authors' Club of New York. About twelve months ago I asked the most important director of the London Authors' Club why they printed Mr. Astor's name with the prefix *The Hon.*, and the answer made to me was that 'Mr. Astor so desired it himself.' Then I showed this director the lists of the principal literary clubs of New York to prove to him that Mr. Astor was claiming of Londoners more worldly rank than the most eminent Americans claimed at home, but all to no purpose.

"I would like to hear on this subject from Mr. Hall Caine, for instance."

If Mr. Hall Caine is willing to gratify our correspondent's desire for information, opportunity shall not fail him. Meanwhile the suppression of the London Authors' Club's address to American authors is tacitly attributed to the growth of a conviction among some of its signers, as well as other members who did not sign it, that the address was ill-advised. There has been no especial quarrel in America, so far as has generally appeared, with this opinion, though of course it was unlucky that the address, having once been started, should have fallen through.

As for the London Authors' Club's willingness to accord Mr. Astor a handle to his name, that seems a fitter subject for gayety than for serious complaint. Of course no American has a valid claim to the prefix "Hon." any more than to have "Mr." before his name or "Esq." after it. Yet many thousands of Americans are called "Hon." in print, and Mr. Astor, as a former American minister to Italy, would be so described at home in the newspapers and informally elsewhere, though not on club lists. If Mr. Astor really values his American title-by-courtesy, it would seem somewhat over-nice of us to begrudge him the usufruct of it in foreign parts. If his London friends are misled by it, that is their lookout. Surely he does not have so much fun that any one should care to deprive him of any innocent pleasure. There are many of his countrymen to whom his condition seems so unenviable as to be actually pathetic, and even the fact that he has made his own bed cannot quite bar sympathy for him in the restlessness of his repose in it.

In the State of Indiana there is a strong sentiment of State pride, which now and then works to exceedingly good purpose. It has helped to build in Indianapolis a soldiers' and sailors' monument, the notable qualities of which have been heretofore set forth in the WEEKLY, and it has just proved effectual in another matter to accomplish a much less considerable but still most interesting and creditable result. When Uncle Sam named one of his new war-ships after the Hoosier State, the Hoosiers allowed that they would follow a good precedent and give the ship a service of plate. The Indianapolis *News* undertook to raise $8000 for that purpose. The *News* opened a subscription list, and invited contributions on the score of State pride. Other newspapers throughout the State, outside of Indianapolis, helped as much as they could, and when the project had been thoroughly advertised and was well under way, Colonel William R. Holloway made a trip through the principal towns of the State and gathered contributions. The Board of Trade in Indianapolis took a hand also, and helped canvass that city, and so, without fairs or any such means, some $6200 came into the treasury in the *News* office. To this was added a balance of $460 remaining in the "penny fund" raised by the school-children of the State for their exhibit at the Chicago Fair, and a balance of $1800 remaining from the Chicago Fair appropriation made by the State Legislature.

The money, nearly $8500, being in hand, a meeting of subscribers was called, which appointed a committee of twenty-five to buy the service. This committee delegated that duty to a subcommittee of nine, of which Governor Matthews was chairman, editor Charles R. Williams, of the *News*, vice-chairman, Mr. J. H. Holloway treasurer, and Colonel William R. Holloway secretary. This committee invited designs for the service from the best known silversmiths in the country, including four New York firms, and one each from Philadelphia and Baltimore. Bids and designs were submitted under cipher, and by a unanimous choice the committee awarded the order to Tiffany & Co., of New York, some of whose designs are shown in this issue of the WEEKLY. The whole service—tea and coffee and dinner sets—will include nearly forty pieces, and will be about four months in making. Almost all the pieces are large, as experience has demonstrated that forks and spoons and such small objects, when used aboard ship, develop an incurable tendency to disappear. Each piece will be ornamented with a representation of the State seal and the State monument. The whole service will weigh about two hundred pounds, and will be packed in three chests.

Indiana has done a handsome thing very handsomely, and those of her citizens who are responsible for it have reason to congratulate themselves. The time and manner of presentation depend upon the whereabouts of the vessel when the service is ready. Inasmuch as the ship cannot conveniently go to Indianapolis after the plate, the representatives of the donors will doubtless meet her at some convenient point on the margin of the sea and put their gift aboard.

It is told of the late Henry C. Bowen that in 1861, when he failed in the dry-goods business in New York (because his debtors couldn't pay their bills), the *Independent*, of which he had come to be the owner, owed his firm $40,000, and was losing money every week. Being out of a job, he gave his mind to the management of his paper, with the result that within six weeks it paid expenses. It is as the owner and editor of the *Independent* that Mr. Bowen is most widely known, but if his activities had not found that outlet he would have been known through something else. He had the qualities that make successful men, and he never let them lie idle.

Mr. Bowen was an enthusiastic citizen of Brooklyn, where long ago he built himself a large country house, with a lawn around it and a sea view. Not much of importance has happened in Brooklyn in which he did not have a hand. At one time he was one of the most indispensable pillars of Plymouth Church, and it was largely through his instrumentality that Henry Ward Beecher, at that time a writer for the *Independent*, became its pastor. But Theodore Tilton became the editor of the *Independent*, and when the Beecher-Tilton complications developed, Mr. Bowen took sides against Mr. Beecher, and his name was dropped from the rolls of Plymouth Church.

In Woodstock, his native place, Mr. Bowen made himself a country home, where annually and for many years he was used to celebrate the Fourth of July with as much energy as though there was no one but himself to do it. The aggregations of notable persons which he gathered about him on these occasions often warranted the suggestion that there were two showmen in Connecticut who were truly great, and that Mr. Barnum beat Mr. Bowen not by superior gifts, but merely by a narrower concentration.

Mr. Bowen lived too long and did too much to be dealt with adequately in a paragraph. The story of his life judiciously set forth would make an entertaining book.

The death of Edgar Wilson Nye at his home near Asheville, North Carolina, is very widely and generally lamented. There are two classes of funny men, and Nye belonged to the class that is funny. Every newspaper reader knows his writings, and his picture is almost as familiar as General Grant's. His popularity was very wide, and though he worked his talent pretty hard, the quality of his deliverances was well maintained for a very considerable period. He could not easily write himself out, because his point of view was natural to him, and his descriptions of his experiences and the expression of his views continued to be amusing as long as his health was good enough to enable his faculties to work. He had good ability and a great deal of industry, and was an exception among funny men in that he was competent to take care of himself. When he discovered what his strong point was he went deliberately to work to make it profitable to himself and to his family. It is said that his earnings of late years have been very considerable, and that his wife and children are well provided for.

Nye was a kind and genial man, and popular among his acquaintances. There was no harm and very little sting in his fun. He was born in Maine in 1850, but grew up and was educated in Wisconsin, and moved in 1876 to Wyoming, where he studied law. But law did not support him, and he began writing for newspapers in Cheyenne and Denver, and finally became editor of the Laramie *Boomerang*. In that paper he made his reputation as a humorist, and when he found his sketches generally copied throughout the country he came East and began to harvest his crop. For some time he was a salaried contributor to the New York *World*, but for several years past he has labored in the lecture field. He has been out of health for some time, and the stroke of apoplexy from which he died is thought to have been the ultimate outcome of an attack of meningitis which befell him six or seven years ago.

The projectors of the Heine fountain enterprise continue to labor with the Board of Aldermen for the acceptance of their proffered gift, and it seems not impossible at this writing that their zeal may procure the fountain a site within the limits of New York. It is still probable, however, that the special report adverse to the acceptance of the fountain, prepared and signed by Alderman Olcott, will receive the signature of Alderman Brown, which will constitute it a majority report, and be adopted. The report sets forth the familiar narrative of the projected monument, the offer of it to the Park Commission, the judgment of the Fine Arts Federation as to its quality as a work of art, its polite rejection by the Park Commissioners, its temporary withdrawal by the Heine Committee, and their subsequent attempt to have it accepted by the Board of Aldermen in the teeth of the adverse opinion given by the best art committee New York could afford. Sound reasons offered in the report, in addition to the opinion of the Fine Arts Federation, for declining the monument are that its size is out of all proportion to the local importance of the person and ideas commemorated, and that the claim that it is a fit monument to a champion of liberty is not borne out by the fountain itself, in that there is scarcely a suggestion about it of anything but poetry. These and other points are well taken; but the main reason why the Board of Aldermen should not let the fountain in is that any such easy compliance under pressure, with an improper demand, would establish a very bad precedent, from which the art interests of the city would suffer in the future. It is a disagreeable duty to refuse the fountain, but it has come to be a duty of decided importance, and one which, it would seem, can hardly be avoided by the Board of Aldermen without loss of self-respect. E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

THE Union League of Chicago has for a number of years past made Washington's birthday the occasion of a celebration, of which the principal features are a public address in the afternoon given by some distinguished speaker invited for the purpose, and a banquet at the club-house in the evening. The first of these celebrations was that in which James Russell Lowell participated, and in which, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, he spoke upon a literary theme instead of a patriotic one. For this he was roundly abused by a number of good people, who have since then doubtless been very much ashamed of themselves. The recollection of the way in which Mr. Lowell was then treated by press and public is a humiliating one, and a good many Chicagoans blush for their city whenever they think of it. Since that memorable occasion the speakers invited by the club have been as patriotic as one could wish—sometimes a little more so. The speaker this year was Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who delivered himself of a straightforward, manly address upon the duties of the citizen and the enforcement of the law. He presented a high ideal of civic morality, and said a number of notable things, one of which is particularly worth quoting: "Nothing is more repulsive in our public life than the tendency to deify mere 'smartness'—that is, the tendency to treat a certain kind of intellectual acuteness as in itself admirable, even though utterly divorced from honesty and morality." This is the sort of thing that needs to be said over and over again, and is vastly more uplifting than the cheap Jingoism that too frequently finds vent upon our national holidays, and that some of us were a little afraid Mr. Roosevelt might himself indulge in. But perhaps his fiery ardor has become chastened since his little passage at arms with Professor Moore the other day in New York. He also spoke at the banquet of the club in the evening, and, in the morning, at the University of Chicago. That institution gave him a rousing reception, and when he appeared before his audience he was greeted with the irreverent but well-meaning query, "Who is Teddy Roosevelt?" to which the reply came from all the students in chorus:

> "First in war, first in peace,
> First to reform the New York police."

Altogether Washington's birthday brought out a good deal of patriotism in Chicago this year, and it was mainly of the right kind.

Mr. Borchgrevink, the antarctic explorer, was the guest of the Twelfth Century Club on the 18th of February, and made a very pleasing impression. He told, in a simple and unaffected way, of his last year's expedition to the antarctic circle, of the first landing ever made on Victoria Land, and of his plans for a new expedition, to start next September. He expects to be put ashore on the antarctic continent with a small body of men, and left there for a year, during which time he hopes to make his way to the south magnetic pole, if not to the south pole itself. The danger of the expedition lies chiefly in the possibility that the ship sent a year later to bring his party back to civilization may not be able to find a passage through the ice-pack to the shore. But he does not seem to think very much of the danger, any more than did his viking ancestors when they pushed bravely into unknown seas in search of new worlds. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

GRAND OPERA, however grand, in a large exhibition building must always bear some resemblance to the boarding-house soup, celebrated by generations of humorists, through which the fowl has lightly stepped. But until Boston has spirit enough to build a great opera-house, lovers of music must be content to hear the best singers of the world at long range. There are many chances in every large city for the unduly wealthy to ease themselves of their loads of wealth in the interests of the higher civilization.

Ex-Governor Robinson's sad death has caused the greatest sorrow. His great campaign against Ben Butler in 1883 will always be remembered in the annals of Massachusetts politics. He was picked out by his party as a candidate for Governor, when Mr. Henry L. Pierce retired from the field, to cope at the hustings with the extraordinary personage who was then the "supreme executive magistrate," and for weeks the two travelled over the State in hot debate. General Butler always blundered by giving his opponent the close, while Robinson, like a skilful billiard-player, gave Butler very poor "leaves." The Republican was elected by ten thousand; the defeated General ran the following year as the People's candidate for President, and never was heard from more as a political factor.

George D. Robinson held a higher place in the respect and esteem of the people than any other member of his party, and if he had lived would have been probably the next Senator from Massachusetts. J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE star attraction of Chinatown is no more. Blind Annie is dead. For twelve years the old Chinese woman has held her court in the filthiest hut down the filthiest alley in Chinatown. There every celebrity that has visited California for the last decade has made a pilgrimage to see Blind Annie and her cats. For years the old woman has not moved from the hovel. She was said to have been the first Chinese woman to come to California. Whether she was that or not, she was among the first, reaching here in 1851, in the Chinese bloom of fresh fourteen. Women, white or yellow, were rare in those days, and an enterprising merchant bought Annie for $2500 and made her his wife. Toward the end of her life she became quite helpless, and her animals deserted her. Only one yellow dog sat out the death-watch beside his benefactress. The last great visitor she had was Paderewski, who saw her twelve hours before she died, and gave her a five-dollar gold piece.

The story of the tramp, who, on the complaint of Wells, Fargo, & Co., is now in jail, reads like one of those ten-cent romances which charm adventurous youth. In October, '94, one Brady, known picturesquely as "The Bandit Brady," robbed a train and seized Wells-Fargo's box containing $33,000. Brady and his confederate fled, but were captured, and confessed to having hidden the "swag" in the tules—marshes overgrown with bulrushes. When, however, they were taken to reveal the whereabouts of the treasure the cache had been already rifled. Search in the vicinity was rewarded by the discovery of an oil-can containing $11,000, but the bulk of the money was gone. Shortly afterward a man calling himself Karl Harman appeared in San Francisco, and began to dazzle the circle in which he moved by his luxury and extravagant expenditure. He said he had just come into an inheritance. When he ran short of money he disappeared for a day or two, reappearing with his pockets full of gold. Through some obscure information the police were led to suspect him as being the discoverer of Bandit Brady's cache, and upon his arrest he made a partial confession. He was a farm laborer, who betweenwhiles tramped, and it was upon one of these cross-country journeys that he came upon Brady's camp in the tules. He took as much of the money as he could carry away with him in his blankets, leaving $11,000 behind him in a tin oil-can. He had intended to return for this, but shortly after Brady was captured and the oil-can discovered. G. B.

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AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney is making an extended tour through the United States, during the course of which he will visit the important centres of amateur sport. The results of his investigations will from time to time be sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Special articles on matters interesting to sportsmen will meanwhile be published in this Department.*

ATHLETIC REFORM IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

THE ATHLETIC ATMOSPHERE OF THE MIDDLE WEST is surcharged with reform—reform that has been long coming, but has now finally been set in motion almost by acclamation, and with such power back of it that it must drive before it most, if not all, of the unwholesomeness which now infests amateur sport.

The four great universities of the middle West, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, and Chicago, together with Northwestern, Purdue (Illinois), Illinois University, and Lake Forest, have at length given public disapproval of the methods that have hitherto scandalized the sport of their section of the great West. In a conference, February 8, '96, held in Chicago, the delegates from these colleges declared themselves for honesty in sport, and suggested rules (to be passed on by the respective colleges later) which, rigidly enforced, will certainly leave no cause for further criticism.

The rules suggested by the college presidents last year, but not adopted generally, and not lived up to by any, so far as I can discover, except Wisconsin and Lake Forest, were taken as a basis, and amended as follows:

1. No one shall participate in any inter-collegiate game or athletic sport unless he be a *bona fide* student doing full work in a regular or special course as defined in the curriculum of his college; and no person who has participated in any match game as a member of any college team shall be permitted to participate in any game as a member of another college team until he has been a matriculant in such a college, under the above conditions, for a period of six months. This restriction in regard to time, however, shall also apply to students who, having graduated at one college, shall enter another for professional or graduate study.

2. No person shall be admitted to any inter-collegiate contest who receives any gift, remuneration, or pay for his services on the college team.

3. Any student of any institution who shall be pursuing a regularly prescribed resident graduate course within such institution, whether for an advanced degree or in any one of its professional schools, may be permitted to play for a minimum number of scholastic years required before securing the graduate or professional degree for which he is a candidate.

4. No person who has been employed in training a college team for inter-collegiate contests shall be allowed to participate in any inter-collegiate contest as a member of any team which he has trained, and no professional athlete and no person who has ever been a member of a professional team shall play in any inter-collegiate contest.

5. No student shall play in any game under an assumed name.

6. No student shall be permitted to participate in any inter-collegiate contest who is found by the faculty to be delinquent in his studies.

7. All inter-collegiate games shall be played on grounds either owned or under immediate control of one or both of the colleges participating in the contest, and all games shall be played under student management, and not under the control of any corporation or association or private individual.

8. The election of managers and captains of the teams in each college shall be subject to the approval of its committee on athletics.

9. College football teams shall not engage in games with professional teams, nor with those representing so-called athletic clubs.

10. Before every inter-collegiate contest a list of the men proposing to play shall be presented by each team or teams to the other or others, certifying that all members are entitled to play under the conditions of the rules adopted, such certificate to be signed by the officer or officers designated by boards of control. It shall be the duty of the captain to enforce this rule.

The following were added by the conference:

No student shall be eligible for any contest who has ever used or is using his athletic skill for gain. This shall not apply to any student now in college, February 8, 1896, for what he has done in the past. The rule above shall be operative on and after October 1, 1896. (Adopted by five votes, two not voting.)

No person who has received any compensation from the university for services rendered by way of regular instructor shall be allowed to play upon any team. This rule to take effect December 1, 1896. (Passed unanimously.)

It shall be competent for the chairman of any athletic committee, if he believes any university is violating the letter or spirit of the rule of agreement, to communicate with the chairman of the athletic committee of the university under suspicion and make specific charges against said university. If this is done it shall be the duty of the athletic committee of the institution under suspicion to investigate at once the charges and report through its chairman as to their truth or falsity, and the report shall be accepted in good faith by the committee which had brought the charges. If charges are found to be true it shall be the duty of the athletic committee of the institution concerned to suspend from further connection with athletics the persons found guilty of irregular conduct.

It shall be competent for the chairman of any athletic committee to lay before its own committee any charges of irregularity against the athletic committee of another college, and a full investigation, in which both sides are represented, must be made, and the results shall then be laid before the faculty of each institution concerned.

No student shall participate in any inter-collegiate contest after any year who shall not have been in residence at least six months of the preceding year of his scholastic work.

Each candidate for a team is to subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of the rules adopted.

It is agreed that all athletic associations' accounts shall be audited by a committee, upon which there shall be a faculty of the athletic committee.

It is agreed that the following shall be the expenses tolerated as legitimate expenses for an athletic association to bear:

The difference between ordinary board and training-table board; travelling expenses; expenses of uniforms and other articles of clothing; medical expenses connected with training and for disabilities incurred in practice or contests; expenses incurred in providing player with inexpensive souvenirs, such as watch charms, etc., sweaters, photographs, provided there shall be no element of compensation for service rendered in giving such souvenirs.

It is further agreed that the athletic committees of the institutions here represented will do all in their power, both officially and personally, to keep inter-collegiate athletic contests within their proper bounds, making them the incidental and not the principal feature of university and inter-collegiate life. All that is dishonorable, unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, or unnecessarily rough in any branch of athletics is particularly and expressly condemned.

FROM AN EASTERN POINT OF VIEW it is possible to criticise these rules in a few particulars. It would have been wise to limit the years a student may play on a team (such a rule will follow in due course; as yet its need has not been discovered), and, from an ethical point of view, it might have been better to hold all men, whether at present enrolled in the university or not, accountable for their past athletic transgressions. That would be criticism from a strictly Eastern point of view, but in my judgment it would be an unthinking one, and one showing a want of understanding of the existing differences between the athletic East and West.

Certainly reforms, and especially athletic ones, cannot be brought about to the best results by ignoring the differing conditions. It must be remembered that in the East we have been striving for fifteen years, more or less, to accomplish what we expect of the West in one or two legislative sittings. It would be a serious situation indeed if after our fifteen years of Eastern effort we had failed to reach a point of excellence beyond that which the West has so far attained. It is little more than five years since the West became generally active in amateur sport. In that time the main desire to gain "Eastern recognition" through winning teams has been paramount, and with that huge disdain for failure that is eminently characteristic of Western institutions, collectively and individually, the means to the end have been seized upon hastily and thoughtlessly, with no realization of their scarcely temporary benefit or their certain guidance to disgrace. As this Department has frequently said, the athletic sins of the West, as a rule, have been due more to ignorance than to viciousness. There have, however, been a few instances of managers and *alumni* sinning viciously and denying it deliberately afterwards. But they have reaped their reward.

The conference of February 8th showed three things unmistakably, and all commendable: First. Acknowledgment that criticism bearing on the tendency to professionalism in Western universities was founded on fact. Secondly. Evidence of a desire to purge the good of its evil. Thirdly. Suggestion of rules that by their expression convey a determination to elevate their sport to a higher plane. I am bound to say—and glad to say—that such a spirit was not shown in the East at so early a period in its athletic history.

The most vexing question at the conference of these Western college faculty members was whether to make the rule touching a candidate's amateur standing and eligibility retroactive or not. Certainly it would have been unfair to debar from future competition all those now in Western universities who would be declared ineligible under the present ruling, for the simple reason that probably ninety per cent. have been victims of ignorance.

It was desired and necessary, however, to establish the standard of sport beyond reproach, while at the same time ruling in such a manner that the transgressors of the past should not be thrown out of competition in the future. It seems to me the conference handled the question very wisely. After all, the main point was that the Western faculties should recognize this tendency to professionalism in their institutions, and demonstrate to the public a willingness to eradicate the evils that existed under old rules and indifferent supervision.

That they have shown both an appreciation of the existent evil and a determination to eradicate it the rules recommended at the Chicago conference make perfectly apparent. It only remains now that each faculty shall if necessary insist on the adoption of these rules by their respective universities, and, once adopted, hold their athletic committees and boards of control strictly to account for their complete enforcement. I have all confidence in the good intentions of the faculty and athletic officers of these several universities. But mere intention will not answer present requirements. The case demands action—speedy and unwavering.

REFORM IS NOT EASILY CARRIED FORWARD, and faculties and committees must expect to be prepared to exercise more determined and more diligent effort than they have hitherto revealed. The surest way to create respect for faculty control and voice and for the rules is by the visitation of immediate and severe punishment upon those that dare to break any of the provisions set forth.

True some university teams will suffer more than others, and in this first year of reform probably students may be restive under the weakening of their team for the sake of purity. But that can be but a temporary situation, and one of smallest significance compared with the main issue.

I was much amused while in Chicago at the storm of passionate resentment which burst upon me from every quarter because, a few weeks before, I had criticised the professional tendency in Western sport. The storm was amusing, but the impression that the East criticised the West in a spirit of contempt was certainly surprising. And yet I found really a bitterness of feeling, because they considered the criticism of this Department to have implied (*a*) that the state of affairs in the West was the result of deliberate design or of indifference, and (*b*) that the East is entirely purged of such evils.

Nothing more emphatically asserts the crudities of the Western athletic fabric than these misconceptions of criticism and hot-headed confidences to the local press. Moreover, the West takes itself too seriously; it is purely an incident in the work going forward for the good cause. Sectional bias has no place in the efforts making for honest amateur sport. We criticise dishonesty in sport, not the West as the West.

To have drawn these two implications from my criticisms is to have extracted an interpretation not warranted by the author's words. We all know that for a year or so efforts have been making in the West by a few sportsmen to check the headlong rush towards professionalism, and no one fails of giving Western men credit for slowing the pace materially. As I have already said, the West, at the same age of its athletic prowess, has accomplished more than did the East. Nor is it true that criticisms have assumed the East entirely purged of athletic evils. Would that we were! But this fact is true, that the East, as a whole, athletically speaking, has a very much higher conception of the ethics of amateur sport, and its universities stand on a much higher plane in that regard. This is perfectly natural. It would be strange, as I have before remarked, if in fifteen years' work the East had not attained a greater athletic refinement than the West with its five years of endeavor. There has never been a wish in the East to criticise the West in a "holier than thou" spirit, but from the point of view of one more experienced in the field.

THE DIFFERING SOCIAL CONDITIONS of the Eastern and Western undergraduate body have always been the pet excuse of Western men for most professional tendencies. It is very weak, and decidedly unwholesome. It has been argued that there are more men in Western colleges who work their way through their course than in Eastern colleges. This no doubt is true, and Western men are to be commended because of it. The man who works his way through college is the man who is apt to be heard from in after-life. But that is no excuse for opening a broad avenue to dishonesty in athletics. It may be perfectly true that here and there an ideal combination of honest student and professional athlete might be discovered, but unfortunately man is weak and prone to sin, and for "the exaltation of one ideal" an opportunity for the exploitation of dishonesty would be afforded to bring disgrace upon the university and eventual dissolution of amateur sport.

Let there be an end to such sophistry. The large universities of the East have had the experience, and by that and the present status of their athletics may with entire fitness be cited to the West, South, or any other section of the United States for emulation. If Western faculty members will bear this in mind, possibly they may avoid making ridiculous and juvenile exhibitions in the columns of their home papers. If the Western press will likewise remember this, and furthermore consider whether two opinions can be held by intelligent men on the question of "Shall our amateur sport be honest or dishonest?" they will be able to do much not only to enlighten their readers, but to deliver them from the essays of professors who know less about the ethics of amateur sport than even they do.

Let us close the subject in peace; for, since the conference of February 8th, cause for criticism no longer exists. We accept the assurances of the Western universities in good faith, and hope in this Department's continued work for manly, honest amateur sport the occasion for commendation and not for criticism will often be forth-coming.

REFORM MUST BE STARTED with absolute honesty of purpose on the part of its sponsors; the faculty representatives who attended the conference in Chicago have assumed great responsibility; undergraduates, *alumni*, and Western newspapers should lend unqualified support to the end of a good accounting.

Our universities must be the highest exponents of amateur sport, and their teams illustrations of purity. To wish to win is human nature. We all, every man of us, want to win, no matter what contest we enter, but that desire should never lead us to a disregard of the great principle of honesty that stands unchanged and unchangeable, the key-stone to prosperity in sport as in all else. Our sport must be exactly what the word implies. It has been too much of a business. The healthful, manly, and vigorous man enjoys sport for its own sake, and because of the relaxation and recreation which contests of skill provide. He is interested in the sport because he enjoys it, and when he gets to that point where his only enjoyment of sport is the feverish excitement furnished by the mere result of a contest, is not attracted by the game for itself, he is a lost disciple in so far as good wholesome sport is concerned.

WE ARE JUST BEGINNING here in the United States to understand what sport means. That American characteristic of pulsing activity has carried us along in sport, as it has in every other branch of human endeavor, to the highest degree of development. We have pursued it with a restless, feverish energy that has refined our skill but dimmed our conception of its rightful purpose. It is really only in the last three or four years that we have begun to appreciate the wholesome properties of our games. We are only just beginning to realize that to make sport so much of a business is to take away its sport-giving qualities. It is only within the last two years our university faculties in the East have attained a certain grasp on these facts.

We are learning to consider sport less seriously, and probably the cessation of Harvard-Yale football relations, more than anything else, furnished the needed lesson. We have passed through a football season without a Harvard-Yale game, and live apparently in contentment. Previous to the experiment many believed that without the annual game life would be unbearable.

Much has been accomplished by the faculties of the Eastern universities in the last two years, and great has been the revulsion of popular feeling in the last year against that spirit of mere winning that has given sport a feverish and uncertain life. More than all the rules has this common-sense of faculties, *alumni*, and undergraduates, too, done to put sport in its proper place. There is yet much for the faculties of the East to accomplish. There is one all-important evil that must yet be rooted out, viz.; extravagant charges of admission to games. I am firmly convinced that, more than any other single evil in the Eastern college sport, the gate receipts question is the most pernicious.

The influence of such large receipts has been harmful; a most extravagant atmosphere throughout university athletics has been created, teams have been enabled to travel and be maintained after the manner of professional gladiators, and sport has been enveloped with a commercial atmosphere that destroys the better instincts taught by sport for sport's sake.

If not so much money came in at the gate there would not be so much to spend in training; there would be no private cars, no half-dozen rubbers, no special cooks, nor many of the other luxuries associated with the present-day college fitting for athletic contest. When college boys are prepared for their games in that manner, and football is a means to such an end, it ceases to be sport and becomes business.

WE HAVE DONE MUCH in the last two or three years, it is true. We cannot expect suddenly to attain perfection. It is human to err. We shall probably never reach infallibility in sport, any more than we shall in any other walk of life, but we can at least make an effort to keep our sport pure. If our recreation is not to be pure and free from duplicity, where may we in life look for what is honest and wholesome?

Eastern universities have three important issues to make: 1. Reduction of gate receipts. 2. Insistence on all games being held on college grounds. 3. Prohibition, absolutely, of any leniency, so far as studies are concerned, to any member of any athletic team, beyond those granted the general undergraduate.

But I have fallen into a digression on Eastern universities when my subject is reformation in the Western. However, I do not disassociate the East from the West in the general cause of purity in sport. We are all working for the same end, I take it.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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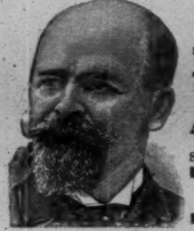

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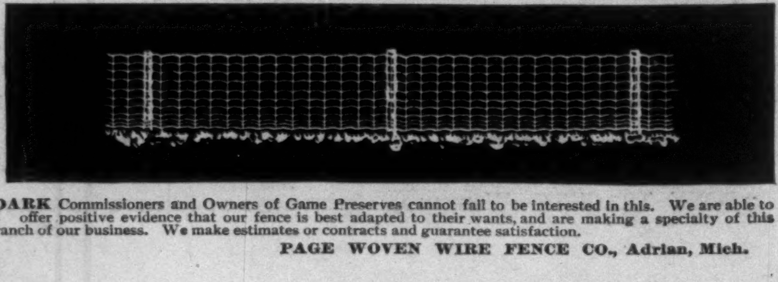

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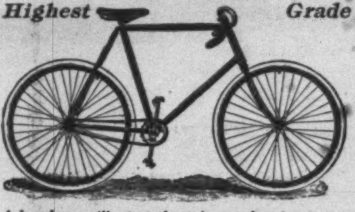

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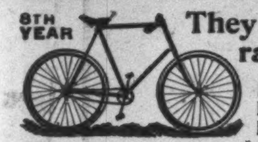

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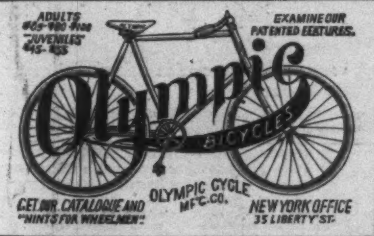

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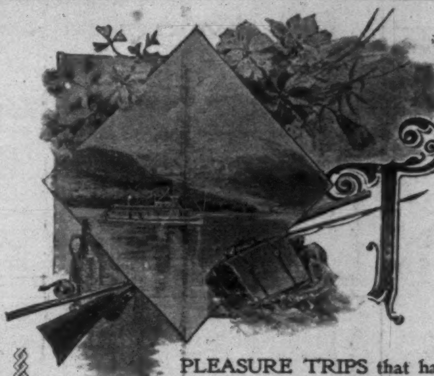

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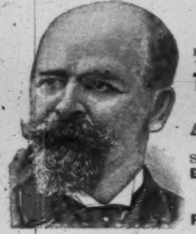

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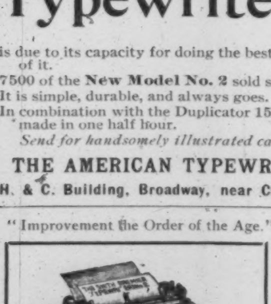

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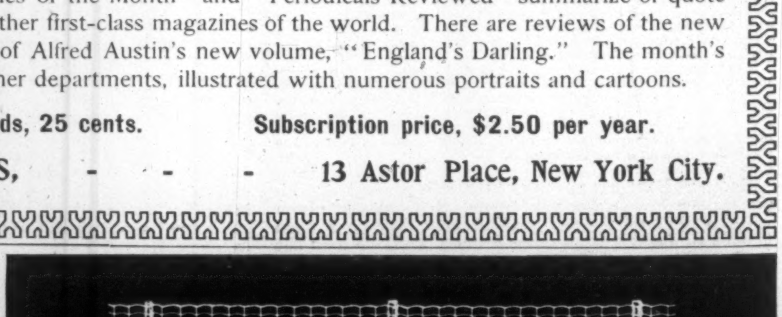

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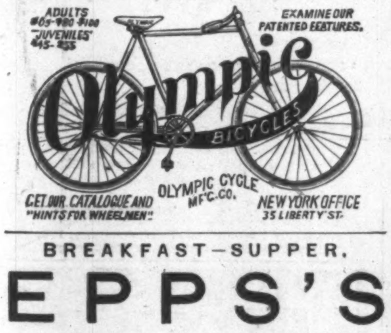

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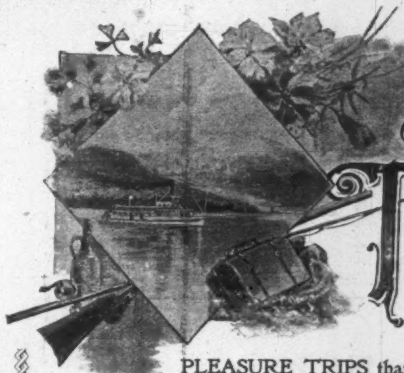

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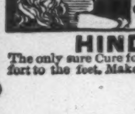

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